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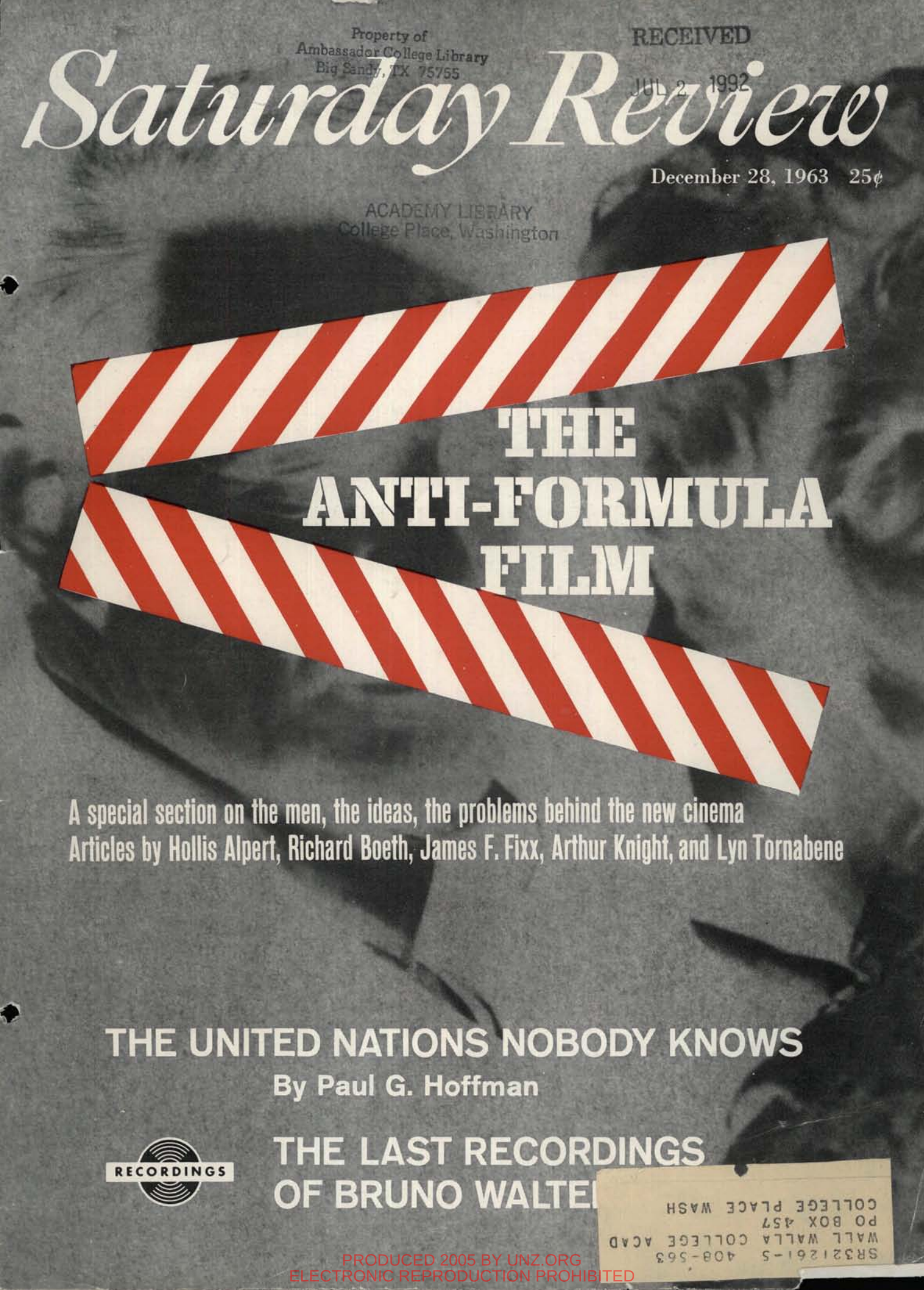

THE ANTI-FORMULA FILM

A special section on the men, the ideas, the problems behind the new cinema
Articles by Hollis Alpert, Richard Boeth, James F. Fixx, Arthur Knight, and Lyn Tornabene

THE UNITED NATIONS NOBODY KNOWS

By Paul G. Hoffman

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If you don't like
music
science
history
drama
satire
sports
and
news

don't watch television in January

The Wizard of Oz and *Lucia di Lammermoor,* scientists at work and athletes at play, critical analysis and irreverent spoof. Television in the new year offers still more for the growing diversity of tastes and interests that is America. Consider the listings below. The scope is broad. The choice is yours.

Some Programs of Special Interest

Years of Crisis
Correspondents analyze current issues.
Wednesday, January 1 (7:30-8.30 PM)

Victor Borge at Carnegie Hall
Guests: Leonid Hambro, piano, and Sergio Franchi, tenor.
Thursday, January 2 (9-10 PM)

The Good Old Days
Panorama of U.S. life a century ago.
Sundays, January 5 & 12 (12:30-1 PM)

Orient Express
Documentary on the Paris-Istanbul train renowned in fact and fiction.
Tuesday, January 7 (10-11 PM)

That Was The Week That Was
Satirical review of current events.
Fridays, beginning January 10 (9:30-10 PM)

The Saga of Western Man: 1776
A turning point in the struggle for political democracy.
Sunday, January 12 (1-2 PM)

Bird's-Eye View of America
Helicopter survey of man-made change.
Sunday, January 12 (4-5 PM)

Science All-Stars
Science award projects by young people.
Sundays, beginning January 12 (4:30-5 PM)

Tomorrow Was Yesterday
Major scientific advances since World War II.
Wednesday, January 15 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Rodger Young
Dramatized biography of a war hero.
Friday, January 17 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Lucia di Lammermoor (in English)
Donizetti's tragic opera, from the novel by Sir Walter Scott. A new production.
Sunday, January 19 (2-4 PM)

The Art of Collecting
Aline Saarinen conducts a "tour" of art treasures from private collections.
Sunday, January 19 (10-11 PM)

The Restless Sea
A Walt Disney production on oceanography in the Bell System Science series.
Friday, January 24 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
Judy Garland in the children's classic.
Sunday, January 26 (6-8 PM)

IX Winter Olympics,
From Innsbruck, Austria.
January 29-30-31 (10-11 PM)

* * *

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Discovery '64/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/One of a Kind/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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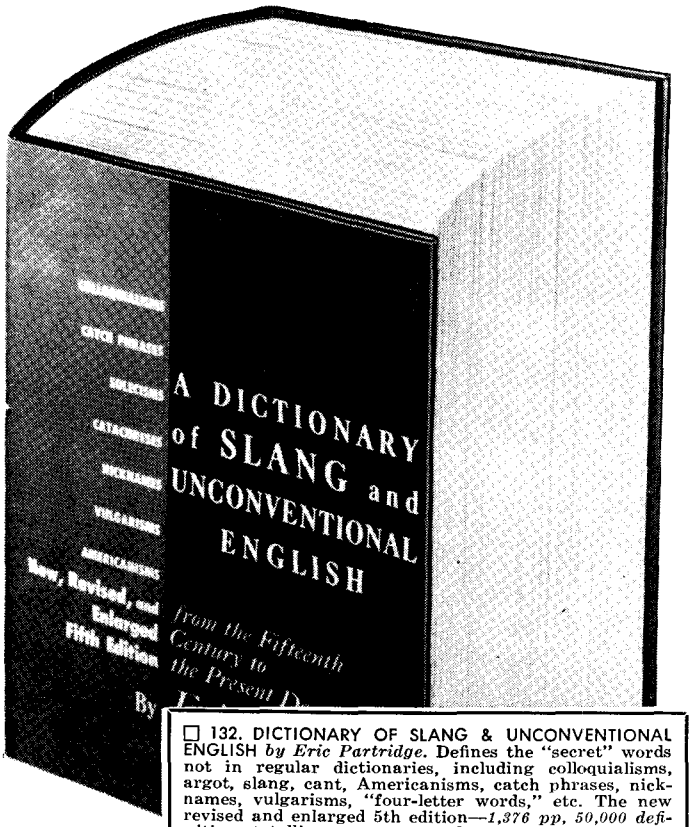
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Edited by Martin Levin

Visions of Poly-Plums Dance in My Head

With plastic Christmas gone its way
We'll turn again to everyday.
The poly-holly we'll unsnap
From frames and fixtures, then we'll wrap
The plastic swags and berry wreath,
And in a dust-proof plastic sheath
We'll shield the never-dying tree
Until next year's Nativity.
We'll roll the big red plastic bow
That decked the door; the mistletoe
We'll bend and stash for future use,
And should the berries jostle loose
We'll plastic-glue them on next year
When we haul out our deathless cheer.

—Joy Kraus.

Napoleon—Super Bookman

BROWSING through my home library the other day, I discovered a fact that seems to put Napoleon Bonaparte at the top of the list as the world's greatest publisher, if not reader. There it was, in my copy of Napoleon's Letters (Everyman's Library, if you want to check me)—a directive for setting up a publishing venture, dated July 1808:

> The Emperor wishes to provide himself with a portable library of 1000 volumes, in small 12° size, and in good type. His Majesty's intention is to have works specially printed for his own use, and without margins, so as not to waste space. The volumes should contain five or six hundred pages each and should be bound with loose backs, so that they open flat and in the thinnest possible boards. This library would be composed of about 40 volumes on religion, 40 of epics, 40 of plays, 60 of poetry, 100 of novels, and 60 of history. The balance would be made up with historical memoirs of all ages. The religious works should be the *Old* and *New Testaments* in the best translations; a selection of the Epistles and other most important works of the Church Fathers; the *Koran;* some mythology; select treatises on the sects which have the most historical influence.

He goes on to include other books of the most influential thought, including a history of the Church and the epics of Homer, Lucan, and Tasso. Under history he significantly includes the works of Machiavelli. Later, under novels, he says, "Rousseau's *Confessions* and *Nouvelle Heloise*. There is no need to mention the masterpieces of Fielding, Richardson, Lesage, etc., which are of course included. *Note*: Don't put in Rousseau's *Emile*, or the whole crowd of letters, memoirs, speeches, and useless treatises that he wrote. The same remark applies to Voltaire."

The letter continues:

> The Emperor wishes to have a descriptive catalogue of the library, with notes pointing out the best books, together with a memorandum that would be the cost of printing and binding these 1,000 volumes, what proportion of an author's work each volume would contain, what each volume would weigh, how many boxes of what size would be needed to hold them all.

About a year later the letter must have been conveniently misplaced by M. Barbier, the Emperor's librarian, because Bonaparte dictated a new prospectus, this time suggesting a library of 3,000 volumes. He meticulously outlined his idea of packing the books precisely in thirty cases containing three rows of thirty-three volumes each.

Napoleon also ordered that a number of literary men should be commissioned to review these editions, correct them, and suppress everything useless in them—all at government expense. When the initial 3,000 volumes were to be completed he wished them to be followed by 3,000 more on natural history, travels, and literature.

I don't know for sure if they were ever produced, but what publisher today would like *this* as his fall list?

—Charles Antin.

De Gaulle Is Wearing-Tall-Happiness*

A READER imperfectly familiar with Chinese might suspect that Peking is not wholly sincere in its denunciations of the West. Imagine yourself reading such a Communist slogan as "Down with the Beautiful Country," or such a newspaper headline as "Chairman Mao Denounces Beautiful Imperialism." However hostile the ideology, Mao and Chou cannot alter the friendliness of the ideographs.

The United States of America is not only the "Beautiful Country" (*Mai-Kuo*) to the Chinese masses; to some it is also the "Country of the Flowery Flag." Although England is today a mere "Smart Country" (*Eng-Kuo*), it had been at one time the "Great Smart Imperialist Country" (*Ta-Eng-Ti-Kuo*). The poetic character of the Chinese language cannot easily accommodate disrespect to the name of a nation or a person. Even under the Nazi rule Germany was (as it has always been) the "Virtuous Country" (*Deh-Kuo*). France is the "Legal Country" (*Fah-Kuo*) if you want to know, and Japan is the "Origin of the Sun" (*Nih-Pun*).

Today, as we mourn President Kennedy, Peking is still attacking "Sweet-is-virtue" (*Kan-neh-di*). But they would not confuse John with Robert, so the

latter is conveniently and naturally "Sweet-is-younger-brother" (*Kan-neh-dee*). In Johnson the Chinese Communists have a "Strong Forest" (Chahn-Son), certain to be under daily attack, along with that "Famous Knowledgeable Northerner" (Huh-ru-shaw-fu) in the Kremlin. —Timothy Tung.

*Dei-kao-lo

Christmas Riddles

Christmas cards from "Eb and Flo."
From "Pro and Con," from "Max and Min."
Too many when you do not know
What the last name could have been.

—Earnest Elmo Calkins.

New Year's Resolution For *PN* Contributors

I RESOLVE that I will enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with all manuscripts. I will lick the stamps myself and stick them to the envelope. (I will not clip the stamps onto the envelope with a paper clip. I will not insert stamps in a teeny envelope, and clip *that* onto the large envelope.) Said envelope will measure in length and breadth no less than the folded manuscript. If I mail my manuscript flat (but why?), I will not mark it "Do Not Fold." I will carefully mark it "Glass Fragile," because *that* postal clerks understand.

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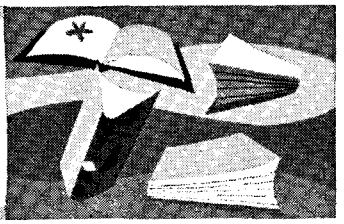
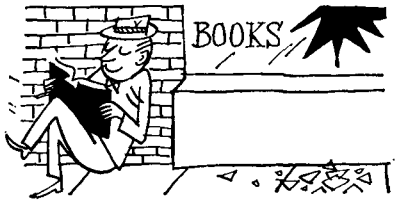
Trade Winds



One day this past September, in the harbor of Leghorn, Italy, a cable that was lifting 3,600 copies of a $15 book snapped. Ninety thousands pounds of books plunged into the harbor.

Not long after this, the stillness of a London midnight was broken by the chilling sound of a smashed plate glass window. It happened to belong to the bookshop known as Barker and Howard. Britain's publication *The Bookseller* reports that only one book was missing from the store. The culprit was found a few doors away on Penchurch Street, quietly reading the volume; his eagerness to do so cost him a fine of five pounds.

The title of the book in both cases was *Tutankhamen,* the New York Graphic Society's stunning volume about the Egyptian king whose post-



humous curse is supposed to have struck with fatal illnesses three members of the team that discovered his tomb. There are some today who believe the curse still continues, as evidenced by the mishaps to the book in Leghorn and London. But on the sunnier side, the book is selling swiftly both here and abroad. In fact, it threatens to become a best-seller in spite of its price tag.

In a sense, *Tutankhamen* symbolizes what might be called the Age of the Elegant Book. In recent years, many handsome, heavily illustrated, high-priced titles have been outselling books in the $4.95 category. As paperback sales soar at the low end of the spectrum, so do these aristocrats of the typographical world.

Doubleday, for instance, reports that its new *A Life in Photography,* by Edward Steichen, is expected to have an excellent gift-book sale even at its $19.50 price. In addition, this publisher's *The Coming of Christ,* by the editors of *Look,* promises to have the same success at $18.95.

Back in 1953, Doubleday published a deluxe edition of André Malraux's *The Voices of Silence* at $100 a copy. It sold out completely. Later, 20,000 copies of the same book were sold in a more modest $25 edition. The book has now been brought down to $15 and is still going strong.

At Scribner's, they have found that the one-volume *Concise Dictionary of American History* has been a runaway seller at $19.50. "The reason for the great sales of this volume are obvious," says a spokesman there. "The reader gets a full university course in American history for $19.50."

Viking is banking on *The World in Vogue* to carry the banner this year in the Elegant Book class. Selling at $16 a copy, the Viking editors feel that it not only makes an attractive gift book, but also supplies a portrait in words and pictures of events and people that many will remember.

Macmillan has several giant blockbusters on its recent lists, among them being *The Picture History of Inventions,* which traces this activity from the Stone Age to the present at a cost to the reader or giver of $17.50.

"It has something to do with sociocultural change that is taking place," says a Macmillan spokesman. "More educated people have more money and the desire to buy such books to keep in their permanent libraries."

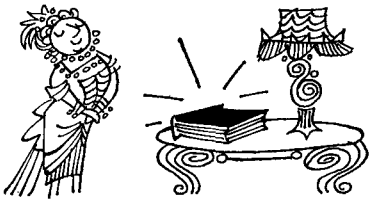
Crown Publishers has assembled Tony Saulnier's *Head Hunters of Papua* into a tasteful and absorbing book about the adventures of a documentary film crew in the wilds of New Guinea, a book that is gracing the coffee tables of many book buyers, while Julian Messner's *The Book of the American West,* at $22.50, puts under one cover all that the Western buff will need for comfort and sustenance.

Knopf is offering as its testimony to the carriage trade *Patrons and Painters,* Francis Haskell's study in the relations between Italian art and society in the age of the baroque. It sells at $15.

Simon and Schuster has long been noted for its plunges into lavish and luxurious volumes. At the moment, two volumes are being offered for the gift trade: Pierre Grimal's *The Civilization of Rome* and *Woman's Day Book of American Needlework,* which sell at $11.50 and $12.50 respectively. "Although these major gift books are very expensive," says an S&S spokesman, "they are really piddlingly priced in today's market. I am sure there is a close correlation between the paperback explosion and the explosion in the price of books."

Not all of these enormous volumes are of a serious or arty nature. Viking is very excited about Gloria Steinem's *The Beach Book,* which barely squeezes into the carriage class at a mere $8.50. However, the inside of its jacket is made of aluminum foil, so that you can use it for a sun reflector, and the rest of the book is designed specifically to make you feel better about wasting time at the beach. It is, according to the buffoonery of Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the favorite summer reading of Rex Beach, Lorna Dune, Maria Shell, Buster Crab, Dinah Shore, and George Sand.

The Age of the Elegant Book, now that it's here, will probably be around



for a while. Just what percentage of the big books is actually read, however, is something for conjecture. A good many of them rest comfortably on coffee tables, rarely disturbed by their owners.

As a postscript to Thanksgiving, we reprint here without comment a composition that David Limburg, age seven, wrote as a school assignment: "Once there lived a turkey who owned a blunderbuss. One day he went hunting and caught a pilgrim for thanksgiving. Next he dragged the pilgrim home and plopped him in the oven. The pilgrim begged to be let out and finaly [sic] the turkey did. Then the pilgrim plopped the turkey in! And while he ate the turkey he said: 'Crime does not pay.'" —John G. Fuller.

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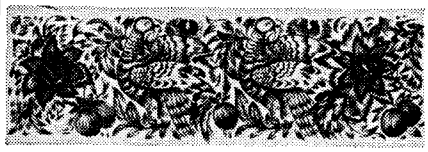

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By PAUL G. HOFFMAN, *Managing Director of the U.N. Special Fund.*

MOST people in the United States, recent polls have clearly shown, support the United Nations. One poll, for example, revealed that 79 per cent of American citizens felt that the U.S. should retain its membership in the world organization, while only 8 per cent wanted the country to get out of the U.N. (13 per cent had no opinion). Surprisingly, however, an overwhelming percentage of those favoring the U.N. have only the foggiest notion of what it has done—and can do. Less than 10 per cent of the organization's American supporters, a recent study showed, had any extensive knowledge of its work. This is, to say the least, disturbing, since the U.N. needs wide public understanding of its activities if it is to have the backing it requires.

Broadly, these activities fall into two categories: first, political and diplomatic work aimed *directly* at the maintenance of peace; and second, social and economic activities that *indirectly* promote stable, lasting peace by helping to eliminate the underlying causes of conflict.

Of these two categories, the "peacekeeping" function of the United Nations is known best. Thus Korea, Suez, and the Congo have become household names. Fairly well known, too, is the most recent U.N. "peacekeeping" success in settling the dispute between the Netherlands and Indonesia over West Irian (New Guinea). But many of the U.N.'s greatest successes in "peacekeeping" have come about as a result of "quiet diplomacy" by its Secretaries-General.

I remember Dag Hammarskjold's quick reaction when, as a newcomer to the United Nations, I urged him to publicize his success in negotiating a dangerous dispute between two countries. His reply was firm and categoric: "No, not a whisper of this must get out." He was afraid that publicity might embarrass the countries concerned and cause other nations to hesitate before seeking the good offices of the U.N. in connection with their problems.

If some people have a limited awareness of the U.N.'s political role, public knowledge of its constructive social and economic work is, by comparison, almost nonexistent. Many otherwise well-informed Americans are surprised to learn that 20,500 of the 23,000 staff members employed by the U.N. and its family of related agencies (that is, 89 per cent) are exclusively engaged in promoting social and economic welfare. The point can be driven home with other significant statistics. Since 1949, for example, no less than $5.75 billion flowed from the three capital-supplying institutions associated with the U.N. to help meet urgent capital requirements of developing countries, and 18,000 international experts have been sent to those countries under U.N. family auspices to impart their skills.

Yet despite the scope, magnitude, and usefulness of results already achieved in the socio-economic field, such U.N. efforts still pass unnoticed. As Secretary-General U Thant recently declared to a group of Asian editors: "It is not easy to focus the interest of the public on subjects that do not carry in them elements of drama and controversy such as the political news that crowds headlines and radio waves." His remarks confirm what a journalist friend once said when I asked him why the press did not report more fully the U.N.'s important contribution to economic and social progress. "You must understand one thing," he replied. "The task of helping low-income countries leap into the twentieth century just doesn't seem dramatic. It's not newsworthy. Let me put it this way: If you build a fifty-seven-story skyscraper in the heart of Manhattan, my editor would probably give it a spot mention someplace in the financial section. But if you blow up a two-story building anywhere, I can get you top billing on the front page."

Even though the U.N.'s social and economic activities may not be "newsworthy" in this sense, they still should be better understood and supported. They have an essential role to play in

"LET ALL THE WORLD KNOW, and none misunderstand, that I rededicate this government to the unswerving support of the United Nations." With these unequivocal words, President Lyndon B. Johnson, in his first speech to Congress as President of the United States, renewed a pledge made by all American Presidents since the U.N. was founded in 1945. The late President Kennedy, only two days before he met his tragic death, stated that the U.N. had "played an indispensable role in dealing with an impressive number of the world's problems." On an earlier occasion, he expressed the conviction—shared by Presidents Truman and Eisenhower—that in the development of the United Nations rests "the only true alternative to war."

—P.G.H.

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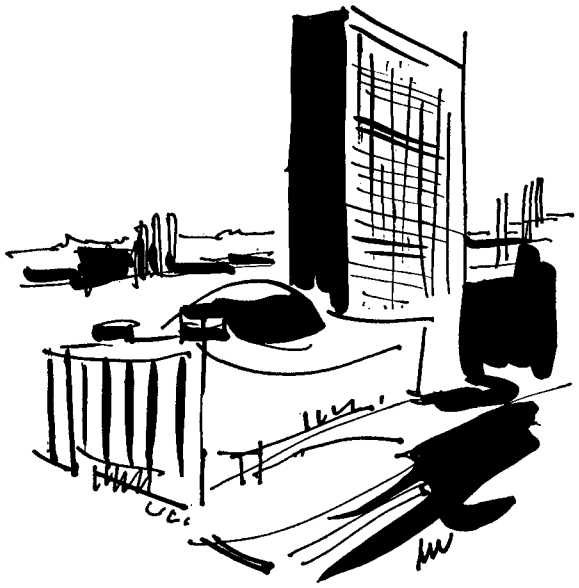

the epic struggle currently being waged by almost two-thirds of humanity to raise living standards.

With hindsight, future historians may see the outcome of this struggle as the pivotal event of the twentieth century. Currently, hundreds of millions of people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America are actively revolting against inadequate living conditions—a fact of momentous significance.

THE antecedents of this sudden revolt lie in the far-reaching, world-wide impact of the extraordinary advances in transportation and communications. Radio and television, jet plane and space vehicle have made puddles of the oceans, molehills of mountains, and sandlots of deserts that once separated Eastern and Southern peoples from those of the North and West. Only yesterday, it took eighty days to go around the world; today, astronauts girdle it in as many minutes. The largest audience that could be reached yesterday with the spoken word was measured in thousands; today, in millions; and tomorrow, it will be possible for the human voice *and image* to be carried to hundreds of millions in all parts of the globe simultaneously. The world has in fact become one neighborhood.

But if so, the world's inhabitants are only just beginning to grasp the revolutionary implications of this fact. It is not easy to start thinking of three billion people as neighbors.

For a sharper perspective, let us imagine for a moment a mythical city of 3,000,000 people, each individual symbolizing 1,000 others of similar social and economic backgrounds in the actual world. The flourishing districts of this city are inhabited by 1,000,000, mostly light-skinned, citizens. Although there are wide differences between them in ideology, in religion, in customs and mores, most of them live comfortably and many, indeed, in affluence. They are adequately fed, well educated, quite healthy, and have a life expectancy of roughly seventy years. The contrast with the *other* 2,000,000 inhabitants of our mythical city of 3,000,000 is striking. The overwhelming majority of these are undernourished, destined from birth to poverty, ignorance, and disease, and certain to die before the age of thirty-five.

If conditions like these existed in a real city today, social tensions would be acute, even dangerously explosive. Yet, on a larger scale, precisely this situation prevails in our world today.

In virtually *all* of the developing countries, for example, one finds a radically transformed attitude toward poverty, hunger, illiteracy, and preventable ill health. For centuries, people in the low-income areas, because they were isolated and knew no differently, patiently accepted these terrible scourges as inescapable. But with radios in almost every village and jet planes overhead, underprivileged people everywhere now realize that people in the advanced countries enjoy very good lives. And they are determined to achieve for themselves and for their children lives of decency and dignity.

Happily, the leaders of developing countries recognize that the primary responsibility for bringing about these improved living conditions lies with them and with their people. Major national efforts in this direction are already under way. This fact is of fundamental importance because development assistance can only help those who are willing to help themselves. It can supplement, but never be a substitute for, the *national* effort.

Without outside help, however, the leaders of the developing nations stand little chance of being able to help their people satisfy their reasonable and very legitimate aspirations. Poverty, unfortunately, has a tendency to be self-perpetuating. To escape from the treadmill that economists call "the vicious circle of underdevelopment," developing nations require external assistance of many types.

In almost the entire range of technical and economic activities, the United Nations and its specialized agencies have been providing more and more development assistance to low-income countries. The bulk of it has come from the capital-supplying institutions and two voluntary programs.

THE Expanded Program of Technical Assistance was established in 1949 to channel international technical "know-how" to the developing countries. This program helps people of low-income areas to contribute more toward economic progress in their countries. It advises them, teaches them new skills, and gives them the opportunity to use and share information they already have. EPTA supplies experts, scholarships, and a limited amount of equipment. Since 1950 it has assisted 150 countries and territories: 12,500 experts belonging to 90 different nationalities have gone into the field and 24,000 fellows have been sent for training to 121 host countries. EPTA's financial resources are currently provided by 104 governments. Its work, in such fields as health, public administration, agriculture, fisheries and forestry, civil aviation, education, telecommunications and science, is executed by ten agencies belonging to the U.N. family.

Helping to meet the capital requirements of the developing countries is the primary task of three highly respected

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financial institutions associated with the U.S.: the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (the World Bank), the International Development Association, and the International Finance Corporation. Set up initially to assist reconstruction of war-devastated economies of Europe, the World Bank is now making 95 per cent of its carefully selected development loans to emerging countries.

Their need for loans repayable under easier conditions led to the creation of the International Development Association in 1960. To date, most of the capital provided by these two multilateral institutions has gone into building up the infrastructure of low-income countries, particularly in transport and power development.

The International Finance Corporation, for its part, encourages the growth of private industry. These three international institutions, unique among sources of development capital, can be proud of their substantial contributions to an expanding world economy.

BUT effective use of capital by developing countries is contingent upon sound, comprehensive pre-investment work. Hundreds of millions of investment dollars can be wasted on marginal or unproductive ventures unless sufficient preliminary information is available. Additional hundreds of millions will not be forthcoming until opportunities for their profitable use have been demonstrated or created. Fortunately, the importance of careful pre-investment work has become increasingly understood over recent years.

Within the U.N. family, financing of large-scale pre-investment projects is the task of the Special Fund, established by the General Assembly in 1959 as a bridge between technical assistance and investment for development. In the four and a half years of its existence, the Special Fund has grown through voluntary cash contributions of 106 governments into the largest U.N. program of technical cooperation.

Three factors make the Special Fund program distinctive. The first is the large part of its cost borne by low-income countries. Its program to date involves $672 million for 327 major projects in 120 low-income countries and territories. Of this amount, $389 million, or 58 per cent, is coming from the emerging countries themselves; the Special Fund provides the remaining $283 million.

Second is the Special Fund's concentration on pre-investment work designed to facilitate early and fruitful investment. The main bottlenecks to investment are lack of information about natural resources and shortage of trained personnel and technical "know-how" required to use those resources. Therefore the Special Fund assists in financing surveys of natural resources; setting up applied research and development facilities; and establishing local training institutes available to nationals.

Third, the Special Fund takes a partnership approach to problems of economic development. Both developing and industrialized countries participate as equals in the fund's financing and policy-making. The fund also draws on the vast international pool of specialized technical skills attached to the U.N. and its related agencies. The latter include International Labour Organization, Food and Agriculture Organization, United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, World Health Organization, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, International Civil Aviation Organization, International Telecommunication Union, World Meteorological Organization, and International Atomic Energy Agency.

In Nigeria, the Special Fund recently helped complete a multi-purpose dam site survey of the Niger River. Construction of the dam, for which financing is being discussed, is estimated to benefit Nigeria as follows: significantly improved river navigation by flooding upstream rapids and extending the shipping season; better flood control; expanding agricultural production to an additional $28,000,000 a year; an annual catch of 10,000 tons of fish from the new reservoir; and cheap electricity, adequate to meet Nigeria's growing power requirements until 1982. No wonder that development of the Niger River has been called the cornerstone of Nigeria's current plan for economic development.

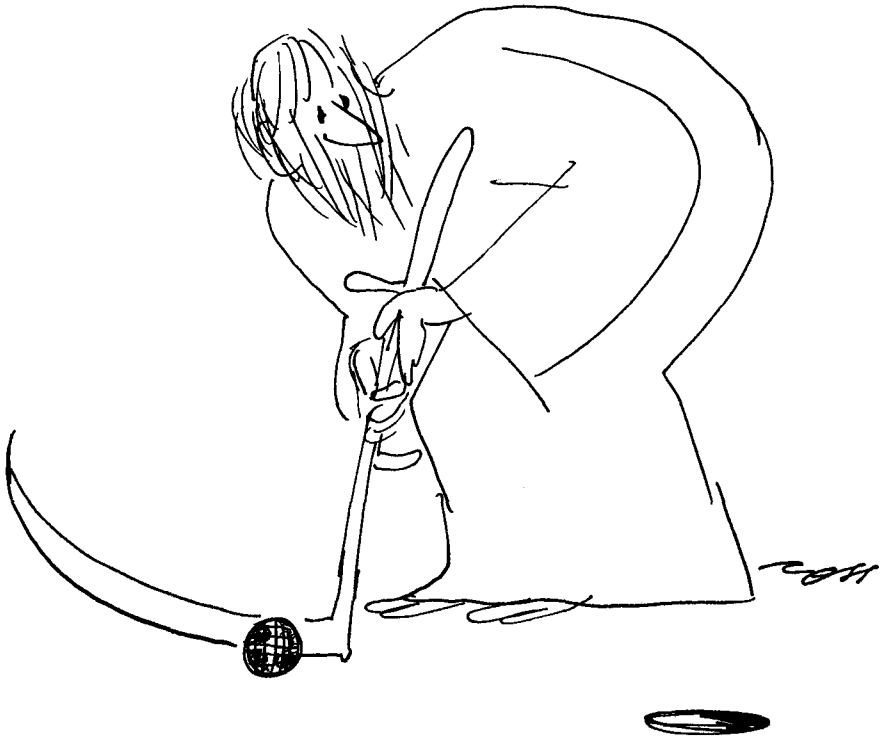
OTHER unknown and unused natural wealth showed in a Mexican forest inventory. One large area contained twice as much utilizable timber as had been suspected. Studies in many developing countries have demonstrated possibilities for extensive commercial fishing.

Eleven surveys completed to date by the Special Fund at a cost of $7,000,000 have already led to more than $400 million in "follow-up" investment.

The few examples listed above give some indication of the richness of our planet. They confirm that the major stumbling block in development is not the lack of physical resources. Science and modern technology can hasten enormously the discovery and better utilization of these resources. Poverty cannot be quickly erased probably because effective utilization of the world's physical resources depends ultimately upon the people of the developing countries—people who must be educated, trained, and well led.

Bringing these human resources into full play is, of course, a task of staggering dimensions and unbelievable complexity. In the immediate future at least 1,000,000 highly qualified people should be trained as government administrators, teachers, professional

(*Continued on page* 30)



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THE ANTI-FORMULA FILM

A special section on the men, the ideas, the problems behind the new cinema

WHO CARES WHAT THE BOSS THINKS?
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NEW FACE, OLD PRO
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By Arthur Knight **23**

IN EUROPE, the film-making problem in recent years has had to do with the breaking away from tradition. Here, it has had to do with breaking away from formula. In slickness and craftsmanship the American film, at its best, is hard to equal. The screens glow with wondrously balanced color, the sound is stereophonic, and Doris Day's hair is invariably in place, dressed by a man who earns more than a Governor or a Senator. Sex is explicit, but seldom actually occurs until after the last fadeout. The sun still shines over Hollywood, albeit through eye-irritating haze, and Jack L. Warner still rules over his large studio holdings in Burbank. Is Mr. Warner, or Mr. Lew Wasserman of MCA, concerned with the fact that many of the screenwriters, directors, and producers making American pictures are not content with their salaries and swimming pools alone? Probably not. But as this special section of *SR* attests, there are several of the more important American movie talents who are not greatly concerned over whether or not Miss Day will manage to avoid the extramarital or the nonmarital passion. Their eyes blink with tears of frustration because Tony Richardson of England can get American money to make *Tom Jones* in the way he pleases. They are aware that light-years separate the qualities of Fellini's *8½* and that baneful American pastiche, *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*. The difference is not in degree but in kind.

In recent months, the revolt against formula has made some headway. Directing a film, in certain interesting cases, has not been just another technical function, but has represented the total creative involvement of a dedicated individual. "God, I love films!" James F. Fixx quotes Elia Kazan as saying. Hollis Alpert quotes Carl Foreman as stating, with categorical certainty, "No studio is interested in what a film has to say." Lyn Tornabene reports on the talented, unorthodox Stanley Kubrick, who remarked to her, "I just want to do what interests me." (He failed to add that it would be with someone else's $2,000,000.) Richard Boeth gives us a close-up view of Frank Perry, who stayed away from Hollywood and its formulas to come up with *David and Lisa*. The question becomes: Is the American film moving away from its past direction and heading toward the personal kind of expression more characteristic of such world-famed film-makers as Bergman, Kurosawa, Antonioni, and others? From Hollywood, Arthur Knight looks around and cautions against too much optimism. Nevertheless, there is Foreman, who made *The Victors* his way, and Kazan, who made *America America* his way. What, as someone in a play asked recently, is the meaning of this? The answers, complete or partial, are contained herein.

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WHO CARES WHAT THE BOSS THINKS?

By JAMES F. FIXX

"God, I love films! I just want to be better and better."—Elia Kazan in an interview.

IT IS a foggy morning a half-century ago. A ship moves slowly into the harbor. As the Statue of Liberty appears, a twenty-year-old Greek youth is confiding his plan to a companion:

"Over the side and swim for it."

"Can you swim that far?" the companion asks.

"They say a man learns what is necessary to save his life."

"And if you go down?"

"Better than going back."

Such unabashed patriotism, as real here as it is rare anywhere, suggests what is easily the most startling quality of the new film *America America,* of the book upon which it is based, and of the attitude of its author, producer, and director toward it. For both the film and the man are openly and unswervingly affirmative in telling the story of what made America and what it meant to the obscure and unlikely wanderers who had the faith to do much of the making. In this important sense—though it may come as something of a shock when audiences realize it—*America America* is a ruggedly iconoclastic film. In its admiration for a national idea, in its affection for a group of ragged and not invariably promising pioneers, and in its deeply reasoned concern with history, it moves against the grain of many contemporary interests.

It does not, however, move against the grain of Elia Kazan's interests, and in this case that's essentially all that counts. For in writing, producing, and directing *America America,* Kazan has confirmed what he said a few years ago: "I work on the premise—unspoken and unarticulated—that audiences will like to see what I like to make." And he has proved that he meant what he said only a few days ago: "I'm sick and tired of seeing films that say life is meaningless."

Moreover, Kazan has shown that when it comes to film production he's as unambiguously himself as anyone within range of a cutting room. "I don't have to accommodate myself to anybody any more," he says. "Anything wrong with this film is my fault."

Kazan, a trim, wiry man with slate-gray hair, almost geometrically angular features, and eyes as steady as camera lenses, knows the meaning of independence because, in a sense familiar to anyone in show business, he's had to scramble for every bit of it that he's earned. Now fifty-four years old, he can look back—though he's seldom inclined to—on a career that began in 1932 when he played the role of Louis, a bartender, in a piece of Broadway ephemera called *Chrysalis* ("I wasn't a great actor," he recalled not long ago. "I was a good actor"). He moved on to other roles, most of them minor, and for a while in the late Thirties played miscellaneous gangsters on radio. Meanwhile, he had also turned to directing and soon, his reputation buttressed by the success of *The Skin of Our Teeth* (which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1943), was able, apparently with no regret, to leave acting altogether. Since then, he has directed four other Pulitzer Prize dramas (*A Streetcar Named Desire, Death of a Salesman, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* and *JB*) and two Academy Award films (*Gentleman's Agreement* and *On the Waterfront*). In between times he has produced and directed an impressive sequence of other films and plays, been a co-founder of the Actors Studio, and earned a treasure-trove of awards from Venice to Tokyo—including an honorary Phi Beta Kappa key from his alma mater, Williams College (where as an undergraduate he earned his nickname "Gadg," short for "Gadget").

Elia Kazan with Stathis Giallelis, star of *America America*—"This is what I want to say and I'm going to say it."

BUT the success of Elia Kazan has never been as neatly patterned a progression as a mere *curriculum vitae* would suggest. His career has, in fact, been a succession of sharp corners which, once turned at his invariably high velocity, have left little opportunity for looking backward. First he abandoned acting ("I just stopped and canceled the whole thing out"). Then he became a director but eventually found himself growing restless under the necessity of working with sets and situations that had, in effect, been handed to him ready-made by a producer. With *Baby Doll* in 1956, therefore, he became his own producer and went on to direct and produce such films as *A Face in the Crowd* and *Splendor in the Grass.* And, perhaps as surprising as any of the corners in Kazan's life, a few years ago he finally left Broadway to devote himself almost entirely to films (the single exception at

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the moment is his directorship of the Lincoln Center Repertory Company).

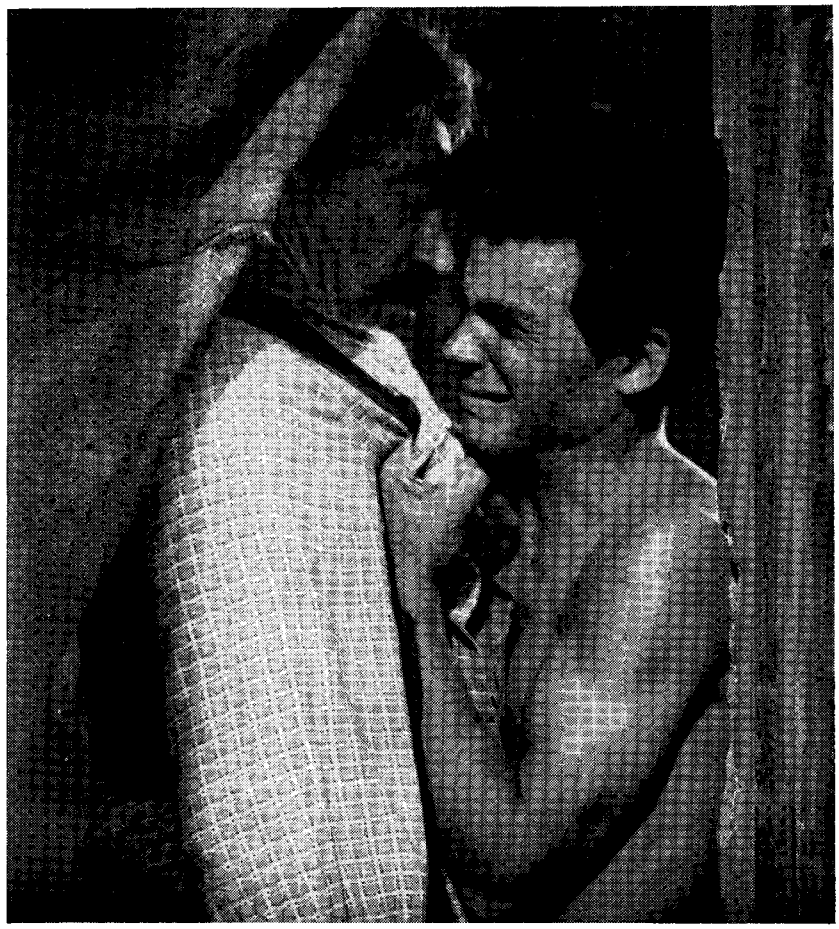
The most profound change of all, however, occurs with *America America,* the first film he has written. For here, finally, is a one-man work of art—as nakedly personal as a painting or a poem, and every bit as risky for its creator. And Kazan is thoroughly, if not exactly nervously, aware of its risks. "There are some stories you just have to tell by yourself," he says. "There are some films that have to be one piece of feeling, conviction, assertion. I hope people like it, but I'm not in fear and trembling."

Nor is Kazan lacking in a wry delight at having earned the ability to be as independent as he is. "Today," he says, "our whole orientation is: 'Will people like it? Will the boss like it?' But the tradition of this country isn't that. Certainly it was never that for Emerson and Thoreau."

The idea for *America America,* Kazan says, had been in his mind for some twenty years—ever since he began reflecting upon the experiences of an uncle, Avraam Elia Kazanjoglou, and of other Greek immigrants he knew. (Kazan himself was born in Istanbul of Greek parents who brought him to the United States when he was four.) "We've forgotten what America meant to the people who came here," he says, "and what it still means. The story of my uncle is very close to the story of *America America.* He didn't care what he did to get here. He even gave up some of his honor to do it. And so, in a sometimes shocking way, does Stavros, the young hero of *America America.* As Hollis Alpert points out in his review on page 29, it was hope that prompted his odyssey—along with the belief that in America he would be "washed clean."

Despite his disclaimer that "I'm not a writer," Kazan finally wrote the story in four months flat, and late last year it was published as a novel (though it is, in fact, more screenplay than novel). One of the earliest comments supported Kazan's view that the story somehow transcends its specific characters and setting to offer a glimpse into the elusive core of what America is. The comment came from his wife, whose ancestors arrived in this country from England in the seventeenth century. "Why," she remarked with surprise, "that's the story of my family!"

For Kazan, therefore, there is a special sense of achievement in having finally told a story that is totally his own, and a special pleasure in the first indications that he has told that story well. "I think I've caught the surge of the period wonderfully," he says. But there have also been problems—of a sort totally unknown to those movie-makers who must mesh their craft with the demands of a swarm of colleagues. "The main difficulty," says Kazan, "is facing the limitations of your own ability. It's tough. It takes three years to make a film like this, and you only make it once. Whatever is wrong with it is just me."



From *America America*—"against the grain of many contemporary interests."

At the same time, the rewards of artistic autonomy are so great—and so rare—that Kazan can say, without a trace of embarrassment or affectation: "I really like my work."

At least part of the reason lies in his relationship with Warner Brothers, which is distributing *America America* for Athena Enterprises, Kazan's own company. "I've made some good things for Warners," he says, "so I'm ahead with them. They give me the money and I deliver them a picture. The restrictions aren't hysterical from a financial point of view. I don't take much salary but I do take part of the profits if the film makes money. So I take a gamble on it, too."

Another reason Kazan likes his work is that for the past several years it has been moving steadily closer to his notably uncompromising philosophy of what a movie, at its best, should be. "A film that really says something has to be made by one person," he remarked the other day. "Sometimes it can be made by two people—Budd Schulberg and I did it in *On the Waterfront*—but certainly no more than that. A man has got to be able to tell himself, 'This is what I want to say and I'm going to say it.' "

Films, Kazan believes, will inevitably become more a media of personal expression and less the corporate enterprise they have been. And they will also, he is certain, become less preoccupied with visual gimcrackery and more concerned with telling a significant story from a single coherent point of view. "The big thing today," he says, "is techniques, stylistics, and tricks. They're all valuable, but there's always less than meets the eye. I don't believe in waves and movements—I believe in the individual."

All this has been demonstrated with increasing clarity in the work of Elia Kazan, as individual and independent a major film-maker as exists anywhere. And he has also demonstrated, clearly enough for even the most myopic champion of group-think to see, that in his view the wave of the future isn't likely to borrow even a ripple from Hollywood. "The only people today who go to Hollywood films," he says, "are kids who want to neck. The whole Hollywood bunch should be in TV."

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SOMETHING WORTH FIGHTING FOR

By HOLLIS ALPERT

CARL FOREMAN entered the directorial ranks for the first time with his new film, *The Victors*, which he also wrote and produced. Very few American film-makers have managed to combine these usually separate functions, and it may only be coincidental that Foreman, Elia Kazan (*America America*), Stanley Kubrick (*Dr. Strangelove*), and Dore Schary (*Act One*) completed similar tasks at about the same moment. Foreman was asked to comment on the significance of the situation, and his remarks are given below in the form of responses to this interviewer's questions.

Mr. Foreman's career in motion pictures began in Hollywood prior to World War II, when he was a contract writer for MGM. After the war, in an association with Stanley Kramer, he wrote the scripts for several notable films, among them *Champion*, *High Noon*, *Home of the Brave*, and *The Men*. Because of a brief flirtation with left-wing causes, he was under a political cloud here for several years and took up residence in England. Cleared by the House Un-American Activities Committee, he became a writer-producer for Columbia Pictures Corporation, turning out (as producer and writer), *The Key*, *The Mouse That Roared*, and *The Guns of Navarone*. It was recently revealed that he did the major portion of the screenplay for one of the biggest box-office and critical successes of all time, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, which he had hoped to produce himself with the backing of the late Alexander Korda. His own *The Guns of Navarone* was one of the most commercially successful pictures of recent years.

Carl Foreman with Romy Schneider, while filming *The Victors*—"One simply can't leave it all to the businessmen."

Q. *Is the situation in the American film industry favorable, or becoming more favorable, to a one-man film-maker such as yourself?*

FOREMAN: Not necessarily. My own so-called independence may be a passing thing, and to explain my reason for saying so I'll have to bring in a little historical background. The whole surge of independent production came about because the major film companies, the studios, were shocked by the onrush of television. Studio heads became a ruling class that found itself unable to govern and as a result did several foolish things. In an almost suicidal action they sold off their stocks of old pictures to television. By favoring relatively few of the big stars, they created Frankensteinian monsters who all but devoured their masters. They blundered by failing to develop cadres of younger creative talent. Therefore the talent (I use the Hollywood term to describe the people who wrote, directed, and produced films) that existed was able to make better terms for itself, sometimes in the interest of saving tax money, and in other cases by obtaining the freedom to make pictures they preferred to make. But the feeling among the five or six major companies is that control would best be vested in those who are in charge of the distribution and exhibition of movies.

Q. *Does this mean that these companies are wresting control of film-making away from the independents?*

FOREMAN: Let's put it another way. My feeling is that the day of the independents is starting to wane. It won't be so long before our leading film-makers will, for one reason or another, have retired from the scene. The studios have recovered from their initial shock, have surveyed their position, and, being businessmen, look to the future. They're already saying: we have let things go too far; talent is necessary, but we must not let talent get out of

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hand. Logically, they must be able, ultimately, to say to their stockholders that they control the people they finance or employ. So they hope to establish a situation in which, similar to the past, they will be able to exert strong studio control. This control may not be exerted obviously; it may come in the form of what they call guidance and help to the film-maker. Even now, they are very earnest about this desire to be helpful, but it is axiomatic that no studio is interested in what a film has to say. I happen to be interested in a film's meaning, whereas the studio wants only two questions answered about a project. One, is it good entertainment? Two, will it make money?

I find a straw in the wind in conversations now going on among three of the major studios about combining their operations into one facility at Malibu. On the business level this is a very intelligent approach, because the studios that exist are largely antiquated, with high overhead, one of the more perplexing problems of studio control and ownership. If a favorable economic situation can result from studio-produced films, the independents will be less in demand. Television talents, departmentalized, can be drawn upon to make films, again as in the past.

Q. *But some of the best films of our time are being made abroad. Don't such people as Fellini, Bergman, and Tony Richardson represent a strong, continuing direction?*

FOREMAN: Strong, yes, but continuing is a very hopeful word. Resurgences in France, Italy, and England particularly are due to the fact that in these countries film-making is supported to some degree by their governments through subsidies or self-help schemes amounting to the same thing. There would have been no French New Wave without French governmental subsidy, for that allowed many younger film-makers to go outside the usual financing channels. A well-to-do man could enter film financing without undue risk, for he was assured that a large portion of his investment would come back to him, even if the film should fail at the box office. The English Eady Plan helps producers by guaranteeing them a return in the form of a tax collected on each ticket sold. It also helps the entire film industry by providing continuing employment for the various craftsmen. Americans such as myself have been able to utilize the Eady Plan, which allows us to employ a limited number of non-English personnel on a picture, so long as we use British crews and facilities. Mind you, it isn't a paradise there, and I can tell you that European film-makers have their problems. Whether or not we will continue to see this vitality and excitement from abroad isn't easy to say.

Q. *Did this European vitality and excitement have any effect on you?*

FOREMAN: Certainly—on me and on many others. I know that when I saw my first Ingmar Bergman picture it forcefully reminded me of how much I had wanted to be a director. I said to myself: My God, how I envy that man! He made a movie. It's him. But before it was possible for me to direct my first film, *The Victors*, I had to spend twenty years in the kind of apprenticeship our system demands. Most of all, I had to come up with important money-making successes. In Europe artistic success is the main criterion in determining whether someone can handle the total job of film-making.

Q. *What exactly did this twenty-year apprenticeship of yours involve?*

FOREMAN: I suppose we'd have to go

What Time Does the Coffee Go On? Across America, an entertainment revolution has been taking place: the old neighborhood movie house is giving way to the art theatre, to the kind of cinematic grand hotel that the other evening enveloped me and my wife, Judy. First we passed through glass doors into a plush lobby, where a gentleman in evening clothes welcomed us as if confirming our reservations and graciously directed me to the two-dollar window. While I crossed a thick carpet to buy tickets, Judy waited with him, admiring his crisp black tie and hoping he'd ask her to dance.

For two dollars, an art theatre simplifies an evening at the movies by showing you only one feature every two hours. Your admission charge is wisely used to eliminate one of the two movies that you used to see for ninety cents. After paying it, I returned with the tickets and asked my host, "Hey, when's the movie go on?"

"The feature film," he said in the soft tones of England, "commences in twelve minutes. But we're serving right now."

With a smart little flick of his wrist, he turned us over to an usher in a dinner jacket, who gave us the theatre's magazine and took us to another lobby. There we instantly realized the basic lack in America's old movie houses: they did nothing but show movies. But here was a palace of pleasure even for people who *hated* movies. To our left was a luxurious sunken lounge, where a hostess was serving demitasse and cookies to sophisticates who were whispering wry critiques of the magazine. To our right was a long hall with paintings on both walls.

"Let's grab a few macaroons, my darling," I said, "and then catch the cubists."

"Yes," said Judy, "we *should* spend some time with the other guests."

So we had cookies amidst hospitality that cooled a bit after my sixth, and then we wandered through the museum, taking plenty of time to study each painting, for we'd forgotten when the movie began. But somewhere south of the powder-room sculpture, we made a wrong turn and found ourselves in another lounge, where several people were seated before a television set. This was truly the first pay-TV. When I saw all those people watching *The Beverly Hillbillies* outside the rest room of a two-dollar theatre, I knew that all was right with the world.

They were a debonair crowd, so we watched with them till the first commercial, and then, since we'd been in the theatre so long, we excused ourselves and freshened up in the glistening lavatories. While shaving, I got an idea: I suddenly thought it would be fun to take Judy to a movie.

As we started walking toward where we suspected a movie was playing, we were stopped by a pale man who asked about the weather. He wanted to know because he'd just spent three days in the museum lounge, where he'd found the service good, even though the maid hadn't yet changed his sheets. He said he'd bought two etchings and sold a story to the magazine, but he hadn't slept well because of all the coffee.

"Did you like the movie?" I asked him.

"I haven't seen it," he said. "But my mother saw it yesterday afternoon. She could tell you all about it, but she's already retired."

"Can't you find the screen room, either?" I said.

"Oh, I know where the screen room is," he said. "It's just half a block from the waterfall. But I can't go there because I'm here European plan. In a few weeks, though, I'm moving to the television room. Eventually, the movie will come to *me*."

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN.

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back to the 1930s, when I left my journalism and speech courses at the University of Illinois and hitchhiked to Hollywood. In combination with the unconscious urge to express myself as a writer was a fascination with what Hollywood represented to me as a young man. Here, in the heart of the Depression, was a land filled with swimming pools, beautiful women, and large salaries. One had the tangible feeling that on the other side of those studio walls was El Dorado, land of the golden people. I had no concept at the time of the power of the cinema, its extraordinary ability to communicate its poetry. It took several years before I was able to climb those walls. The first breach was a story and screenplay I was able to write and sell, with a collaborator, to Monogram Pictures. For the sake of honesty I'll confess that the movie was called *Spooks Run Wild*. My share of the sale was slightly more than $200. But it helped get me in.

Eventually I was hired as a contract writer at MGM, and it was not long before I discovered that I was not a professional and could never be a professional, in the sense of being able to write on assignment—first a thriller, next a comedy, then something tailor-made for Clark Cable. To write decently, I needed an emotional involvement and belief in the story.

I also learned that a contract writer works in a vacuum. The Hollywood writer is supposed to work in an office and not be on the sound stage when a movie is being filmed. Not even the highest-paid writers knew exactly what the medium was they were working in. It was guesswork. We weren't allowed in the cutting room or to look through a viewfinder. Pathetically, in our offices, we would write: "close-up," "dolly-shot," and "long shot." These camera directions were of course ignored by the directors, who knew that it wasn't possible to know what a setup was going to be until you were actually on the set.

The turnabout for me came when I entered the Army, was pulled from the Infantry, and placed in Frank Capra's film-making unit. I worked on the *Why We Fight* series, orientation films made for our troops. Because of the shortage of personnel I found myself pushed into the cutting room and asked to direct little scenes I had written. I was going to school for the first time. I had a chance to work with and observe knowledgeable directors such as Capra, Anatole Litvak, and David Miller. I had a chance to observe the effect of the films on what amounted to captive audiences.

While in the Army I met Stanley Kramer, who was as imbued as I was with the desire to exercise control over the making of a film. We formed a company after the war, with George Glass, called Screenplays, Incorporated, a name that emphasized the value we placed on the scenario as the basis of a film. By the time we made *High Noon* I was actively considering handling the direction, too, but that struck even me as foolhardy when Fred Zinneman became available. Naturally I received a setback during the McCarthy period, and directing was out of the question until I had again proved myself as writer and producer.

Q. *Did any note of what might be termed propaganda enter into your films?*

FOREMAN: No. Not unless an attempt to express the feelings and problems of your own generation can be considered such. The films I was associated with were usually attacked by the extreme left-wing press. *High Noon* was lambasted by that press and attacked in *Pravda* as typifying corrupt American adoration of the individual. I was not allowed to work in this country at a time when President Eisenhower frequently screened *High Noon* at the White House. It was one of his favorite Westerns.

Q. *You spoke earlier of your need to become a success as a writer. What sort of success?*

FOREMAN: I mean this: that commercial success in the creative side of the film industry is a necessity for survival. There's been a lot of joking about people who can go from one big flop to another, but unless you're in the son-in-law category you can't, and even sons-in-law have their problems. My so-called creative independence is hung insecurely on the amount of commercial success I can achieve. Every time you go it alone, that is, if you get the chance, you're usually trying to do something that the wise business heads of the industry feel you shouldn't be doing in the first place. There's always the fact to consider that a great many people must spend their money and time coming to see your film, and this doesn't give you much leeway. Go too far, and you're liable to have your head chopped off. Sometimes this sort of pressure can't help but push you in certain directions. On the other hand, I think I've made a kind of virtue out of the situation, if only because it enables me to feel that I'm speaking to and for a great many people.

Q. *But, is there something missing in a film, for you, because of the need to be popular?*

FOREMAN: In my own case, not too often, and this goes back to that emotional involvement I must feel before I can work well on a film. But I can remember instances of scenes being weakened or eliminated because of fear of audience disapproval. Yet, eliminating words will sometimes make a scene more powerful, because of the very nature of the medium. One kind of popularization is highly dangerous, and that has to do with casting. The wrong people, who might seem right for the box office, can hurt you badly. But I've been luckier than most on that, too. I didn't use the Eady Plan for *The Victors* because I wanted to bring in good actors from outside: Jeanne Moreau, Eli Wallach, George Peppard, Melina Mercouri.

Q. *Do you still intend to base yourself in England?*

FOREMAN: Yes, if at all possible. First, because I like to live there. I like the people, the atmosphere, I like London. I've never really been a New Yorker, and, as for Hollywood, I don't hate it, but I've had it. But mainly it's because I can keep myself as far away as possible from the home office. I say this without malice. If I'm away, it takes a long time for the cables to go back and forth, and my own operation becomes correspondingly more efficient. When someone has to make an immediate decision, the responsibility falls on me, not someone six or seven thousand miles away who can't possibly have studied the terrain as I have. A home office can't possibly determine successfully how a picture is going from several thousand miles away. MGM tried in the case of *Mutiny on the Bounty;* so did Fox with *Cleopatra.* They turned out to be the two most expensive pictures ever made and certainly not the best.

Q. *But how do you equate this independence of yours with the necessity to make your films within the context of the industry?*

FOREMAN: Despite my fears for what might lie ahead, I still think it necessary for people like myself to fight for our medium from within the framework of the industry. This fight has to go on, if only because, having seen the potentiality of the medium, one simply can't leave it all to the businessmen. You cannot let them have it alone, with all their good will, with all their practical sense. Artistically speaking, the medium needs more Kazans, Wilders, and Kubricks. But the businessmen are doing nothing to foster such new people. That is the basis of my underlying pessimism, but it does not mean that I, or any of us, are thinking of giving up the fight.

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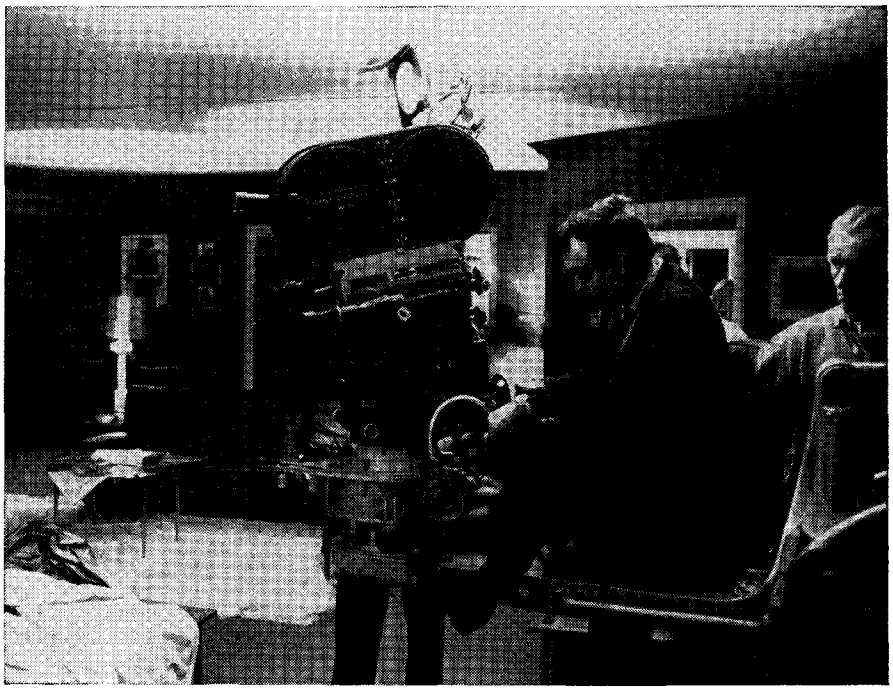
CONTRADICTING THE HOLLYWOOD IMAGE

By LYN TORNABENE



Stanley Kubrick—"He is most certainly in command."

ABOUT the only person who does not regard the story of Stanley Kubrick as at least a minor miracle is Mr. Kubrick himself. Simultaneously an immovable object and an irresistible force, the thirty-four-year-old director has never doubted, from the moment he decided to make movies, that he would indeed become a movie-maker. Nor has he ever doubted that he could successfully thread his way through the legendary obstacles of Hollywood. "I just want to do what interests me," he says.

As it happens, what interests him are life's paradoxes, incongruities, and absurdities—not the stuff that films are commonly made of. Moreover, he is certain that those things will interest other people. When he decided to make what he calls a "nightmare-comedy" about the hydrogen bomb, he fashioned a violently anti-Establishment, surrealistic burlesque, named it *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, and blithely assumed somebody would give him nearly $2,000,000 to make it. And somebody did. It will open soon.

The mere existence of Mr. Kubrick and his cheeky film contradicts the image of the American movie industry that has been relentlessly drawn by reporters turned sour on Hollywood's sweet life. For if *Dr. Strangelove* was born with the moral and financial help of Columbia Pictures, who will ever again dare wail that Hollywood fears films that offend powers-that-be? If Stanley Kubrick was permitted to complete his irreverent creation, even to its final cutting, without interference from a phalanx of cigar-smoking philistines, where do you put the legend that only European directors have the freedom to do as they choose? And when *Dr. Strangelove* comes to local drive-in theatres, how will we preserve the rationalization that America teems with artists who must wither because no one encourages individuality these days? Obviously, a lot of old saws are going to have to be thrown away.

For seven years now a number of people have been talking about Stanley Kubrick, a slightly aging wunderkind from a middle-class Bronx family who, with his ill-fitting clothes, shaggy hair, and wonder-filled eyes, gives the impression that it still wouldn't be too late for him to enroll in a school for gifted children. He is the Taft High School creep who flunked English and graduated with too low an average to get into college—but made a potent, electrifying movie out of *Lolita*.

To all intents and purposes Mr. Kubrick emerged full-blown from the eye of a camera. At thirteen he became a camera buff, at sixteen he sold a candid photograph to *Look*, and from the ages of seventeen to twenty-one he was on the photographic staff of that magazine—a skinny, unkempt kid who carried his cameras in a paper bag so he wouldn't be mistaken for a tourist. During the last two of those years he spent all his free time catering to a new obsession: movies. He spent five days a week at the Museum of Modern Art viewing old movies, and the weekends watching new ones. At twenty-one, with about $3,800 saved from his salary, he turned one of his photo-series, "Prizefighter," into a documentary-style short that RKO bought for $4,000. Kubrick was so joyfully thunderstruck when he saw what he had wrought that he quit his job to devote his life to film-making. He made another short subject for RKO, then a full-length curiosity called *Fear and Desire*, which, in its way, portended the areas in which he would prove himself: a) in his visual power, and b) in his persuasive power.

Stanley Kubrick can convince almost anybody to do almost anything. *Fear and Desire* was based on a screenplay that he persuaded a poet friend named Howard Sackler to write. It was made at a cost of $50,000, $9,000 of which he had persuaded a druggist uncle to lend him, the rest of which he persuaded his father and an assortment of friends to invest. For his second full-length feature, *Killer's Kiss*, he talked $40,000 out of a family friend.

Though United Artists bought *Killer's Kiss* for $75,000, none of the money accrued to its totally indebted director. But it brought him a partner, a young man named James Harris who had money sources and his own persuasive powers. Harris-Kubrick chose a crime thriller for their first joint project, persuaded Sterling Hayden to star in it, persuaded U.A. to put up $200,000 for it against Harris's own $120,000. The picture was called *The Killing* and, for reasons not at all apparent to an unprofessional eye (or, in fact, to some professional eyes), it brought from the

Lyn Tornabene, entertainment editor of *Cosmopolitan*, writes frequently on films.

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coffers of U.A. $1,000,000 for a succeeding film. It was *Paths of Glory*, a magnificent tale of vainglory set in World War I that made the rest of Kubrick's career film history.

The roots of Kubrick's flair proved to be in his skill as a photographer. Each scene of his films seems to be arranged. For a split second the action is frozen, as it would be for a still photograph. Then the props begin to move. Add to this Kubrick's use of black and white—stark, without grays—and you get the perfect transition of vision from mind to screen. There are only two worlds in which life is so black and white: Mr. Kubrick's and the subconscious. Fortunately, by the time he made *Paths of Glory*, Kubrick realized that photographic techniques alone could not make a film. He had learned how much he needed skilled writers and actors, and his judgment in casting both has been consistently astute ever since. Calder Willingham worked on *Paths of Glory*, Nabokov on *Lolita*, and Terry Sothern on *Dr. Strangelove*.

In the wake of the acclaim he received for *Paths of Glory*, Kubrick was summoned by Marlon Brando to direct *One-Eyed Jacks*. Five inactive months later, Brando summoned himself to direct it and with the reputed $100,000 he earned for not directing, Kubrick began to get himself out of debt. He was then hired to take over *Spartacus* after the film was one week in production. That lengthy epic, mostly unsung but one of the best made until *Lawrence of Arabia* outshone them all, was the first and only film, Kubrick insists, that he would work on rather than create. He wants no credit for it. "It was Dalton Trumbo's picture," he says, without a compliment in his voice.

Lolita was his own, however, and it illustrates another important aspect of the Kubrick method: He wants his pictures to have the widest possible audience. His reasoning is logical. One must get the largest possible audience to get the success that allows one to make only the pictures one wants to make. It is a simple philosophy that has worked very well for many a rebel boring from within, but it can be annoying, as it was to Mr. Kubrick when he bowed to real or imagined threats of censorship and made *Lolita* less sensual than he envisioned it. Mr. Kubrick doesn't like to discuss his compromises, even lightly. He does not believe in biting any hand that might strangle him. Determined to let his films, not his interviews, speak for him, he watches every sentence he speaks, visualizing it on a printed page and mentally editing it before it is out of his mouth.

Harris and Kubrick parted after *Lolita*. Harris went his own way because he wanted to direct as well as produce, Kubrick because he wanted to produce as well as direct. He wants to control his films so completely, in fact, that if he could find a way, he would surely will himself into becoming a camera.

I have observed a number of directors at work, but I have never seen one so intensely occupied with making a film as was Mr. Kubrick during the creation of *Dr. Strangelove*. A man

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The Flip Side: Incredible as it may seem, there is a whole school of American film-makers who do not have both eyes on Hollywood. Their gods are Antonioni and Bunuel, Bergman and Resnais abroad, Richard Leacock and Albert Maysles here at home. And the films they hope to make have nothing to do with the likes of Doris Day or Cary Grant. They want to do pictures about integration, slum problems, and the dispossessed. They have no wish to create pleasant fictions; they want to document our times. Their watchword, borrowed inevitably from the French, is *cinéma verité*.

A few years ago a French anthropologist, Jean Rouche, made a series of crude but authentic studies of Africa using a 16mm hand-held camera. For several of them, the sound track was composed from tapes of actual participants in the scene recording their comments and recollections as the film was run off for them. Under the sponsorship of the Robert Flaherty Foundation, in 1959 Rouche and his pictures were brought to the United States, and the seeds of an American *cinéma verité* were planted.

Obviously, however, no matter how appealingly fresh the Rouche films were, their impact would have been nil had there been no groundswell of discontent with the state of films in this country. But many of the advocates of experiment for its own sake seemed at last to have discovered how blind was their alley. Thanks to television, documentary had become safe, respectable, and even profitable; in its classic form, it no longer offered a challenge. The challenge lay more and more in the new films emanating from overseas—in the experiments of the *nouvelle vague*, the explorations of Antonioni, the revelations of Ingmar Bergman. America's new generation of film-makers came alert.

But where were they to go? The Hollywood studios were scarcely hospitable. If they embraced an occasional John Cassavetes, whose *Shadows* portended a domestic "new wave," they promptly strangled him into submission, doing the commercial bit the commercial way. (And when his commercial films proved less than successful, Cassavetes was promptly dropped.) Fundamentally, however, the standards of so many of these young people were completely antithetical to Hollywood. Not only could they not provide sheer entertainment; they had no desire to entertain. There were peace marches and bomb protests to talk about, the abrogation of civil rights, the turmoil of our times. And there were new techniques.

Every revolution produces its own extremists. Under the banner of New American Cinema, a personal, personalized revolt against not only conventional film-making but social conventions as well has been instigated. (New American Cinema, it should be pointed out, is an organization of film-makers with similar goals; it is not, as it has often been interpreted, a generic term.) They howl, they shock, they discomfort. Their goals, they say, are the re-establishment of the soul of man and the reaffirmation of individuality; but the sum of their work to date is reminiscent of the Dadaists of forty years ago—a tearing away at social and esthetic standards without the hard, constructive work of establishing new standards of their own. Symptomatically, their films stolidly reject the techniques patiently developed by film-makers over more than half a century.

BUT *cinéma verité* is something else again. Richard Leacock, who began his film career with Robert Flaherty, has always espoused the documentary tradition—the camera as a tool for relating man to his society. In recent years, that tool has been sharpened by the invention of lighter portable equipment for both pictures and sound and by the development of hypersensitive emulsions that enable cameramen to work with a minimum of artificial light. It is now possible for the camera to go literally anywhere and record anything, to catch life on the fly. The aim of *cinéma verité* is to do just that, using editing—not editorial comment—to eliminate the inessential and illuminate the essence.

The main thing is that, through viewings in film societies, on television, and in the art theatres, the style has already gathered up a host of followers. Deceptively simple, it commends itself to novices. Intricately bound to the technical prowess of the camera itself, it challenges the best of our realist film-makers. It affords no shelter for the super-egoist, and no easy out for the charlatan. The material and one's sensitivity to it are all that show on the screen. But it is the brightest hope for America's young film-makers today.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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who claims to prefer working all night and sleeping all day, he was at Shepperton Studios, a few miles outside London, by seven every morning, working as though possessed, long before anyone else showed up. Though he had the help of a complete crew, he seemed to be doing everything except painting the prop H-bombs that were suspended overhead on scaffolding.

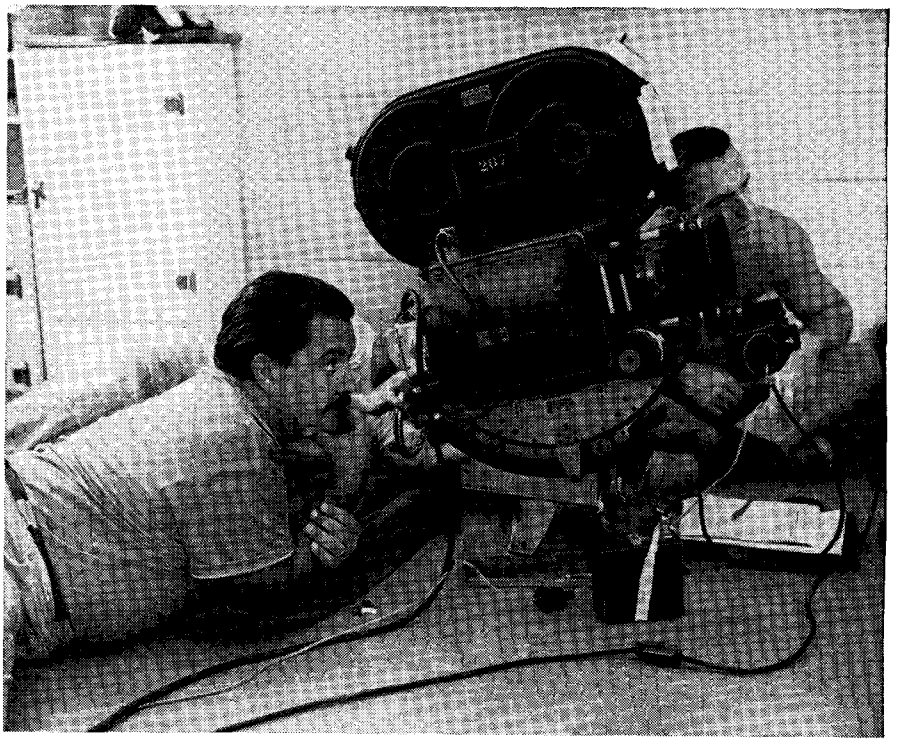
This overwhelming omnipresence of the director had a strange effect on his crew. Awestruck and respectful, they appeared to feel that there was no need for their own perfection; the director had more than enough for everyone. They would frequently stand off and watch him rechecking details of their work, not with hostility but with incredulity. There was good humor and loyalty on the set, but there were no loving pranks. When "Mr. K." smiled it was not at the hi-jinks of his devoted followers, but at the completion of some seemingly impossible scene. For instance, interior shots of his killer plane (it is heading inexorably for Russia with armed H-bombs) were done in an area about the size of a packed linen closet. When he had finished a take of the plane being struck by a defensive missile, had accomplished rocking that linen closet and filling it with smoke and debris, he laughed in delight and so did the crew. It was the same as applause.

Actors have never troubled Kubrick, and he has directed a range that goes from Sir Lawrence Olivier (*Spartacus*) to Sue Lyon (*Lolita*). "They just want to know you like and respect them," he says, and he does. He is grateful for the "business" an experienced actor can bring to a film. He has frequently allowed Peter Sellers to improvise whole scenes, and has usually allowed him to embellish or change characters created for him. George C. Scott, an actor of strong temperament, confirmed Kubrick's ability to lead: "He is most certainly in command," says Scott. "And he's so self-effacing and apologetic it's impossible to be offended by him." According to the crew of *Strangelove*, Mr. Scott himself was taken in hand without the slightest knowledge of what was happening. As it was reported to me: "Stanley simply beat him at chess and showed him who was boss."

"Making a movie is very hard work," acknowledges Mr. Kubrick. "You really have to care about a project—love it, even—to stay with it and sustain interest during the endless hours it bogs down into routine." When he had completed *Strangelove* he had no other definite project in mind. You can be sure, however, that like a man always ready to fall in love, he is open to having his interest piqued.

THE ANTI-FORMULA FILM

NEW FACE, OLD PRO



Frank Perry—"I know how to get a performance."

By RICHARD BOETH

ONE of the nicest things about the arts is that it is so easy to feel oneself an artist. Any cab driver knows that "writing it down" is all that stands between him and another *Madame Bovary*. His passenger, who happens to be Madame Bovary, has been to the theatre every other Wednesday for four years and suspects that she has developed a real talent for directing—if only David Merrick would call. And for the children and the dog, there is always abstract expressionism.

These reveries probably do more good than harm, as long as they are kept in the closet. Talking about them, though, or pretending past the age of twenty-two that something really is going to come of them, is a sad business. And if the dreamer pushes on, groping toward some enactment of his fantasies, disaster predictably ensues. Small inheritances vanish, to be followed by friends, wives, and eventually the bartender; at the end, the poor dreamer goes back broken-hearted to his vice-presidency at IT&T, there to be laughed at cruelly in the executive washroom. (Businessmen, no less than children, can be cruel to each other.) "*Cultivez votre jardin,*" cry the pros to the amateurs, "or at least keep your big feet out of our *jardin.*"

The advice has proved so sound so often that one hesitates even to mention the few times it has been advantageously flouted; it is still silly to draw to inside straights, no matter how many exceptions there are. As it happens, though, there is at the present time a film-maker of sudden and enormous prestige who came to his craft only recently, and then from a background of nearly total ignorance about the movies. His name is Frank Perry, he is only thirty-three years old, and his craft has been demonstrated so far by only two movies, last year's *David and Lisa* and the new *Ladybug, Ladybug*. More than any of the so-called independent American movie-makers who have torn themselves away from Hollywood to write, produce, and direct their own films, Perry has been a true loner, a man who did it on his own without having taken anything, in the way of prestige or technique, out of Hollywood. It is not necessarily true that scratch is the ideal

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starting point for incipient film-makers, but it is good to know that the possibility even exists.

Perhaps the most amusing thing about Perry the novice is that he thought he was such a slick novice. He wanted to direct movies—at the age of twenty-three he studied directing under Lee Strasberg for two years at the Actors Studio—and he knew that movies cost a great deal of money. What could be more efficaceous than to join the Theatre Guild, where he worked for five years in a variety of jobs best described as fund-raising. Deep-voiced, sincere, bulky, and festooned with a pirate's moustache, he raised a great deal of money. More than that, he looked to the future. "I was nurturing investors for over five years," Perry recalled recently. "I had a band of about twenty wealthy people, all of whom said, 'The day you skip out, you come to us.' When the time came, my solid investors, so carefully cultured, yielded not one cent. One dame called to say she couldn't put up any money for the film, but 'my husband wanted particularly to tell you that the script was beautifully mimeographed.' "

THE script in question was that of *David and Lisa*, by Perry's wife Eleanor. The two had met in the fall of 1958, when Perry raised money for the Theatre Guild production of Eleanor's play, *Third Best Sport*. The play closed in three months, but the two of them thought it a natural for Hollywood. They sent it to Rock Hudson's agent, who pronounced it "not right" but asked if Perry had any original story outlines. "Amazing," said Perry. "'I've got one that's perfect for Hudson." Then he went home and said to Eleanor, "Chum, we've got to have a fifteen-page outline for Rock Hudson by tomorrow morning."

The night's drudgery produced something called *Somersault*, which required Hudson to pursue Ingrid Bergman across the Atlantic. "Marvelous!" cried the agent, and the Perrys were off to Hollywood to write the screenplay. They did one draft before the movie was washed out. By this time, though, Perry had begun to fantasize in earnest, and he and Eleanor began to look for a "property" that they could write, produce, and direct themselves. "I was film-mad by then," Perry says, "The theatre was moribund and commercially strangled. It had done nothing to equal *The 400 Blows* and *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

Still thinking that their twenty angels were awaiting their trumpet blast, the Perrys acquired the rights to *Lisa and David*, a gentle, moving account by Dr. Theodore I. Rubin of the mutually aided recovery of two adolescent schizophrenics. (Dr. Rubin agreed to let Perry have it because Perry, though a Catholic, looked comfortingly Semitic.) In the summer of 1961, the team took off to a cottage on Long Island, where Eleanor wrote the script and Frank studied every book he could find that talked of directing. He must be the world's first director to learn his craft in the library.

By fall the script was finished, a triumph that was very nearly the Perrys' last. Angels vaporized into thin air; the major movie studios turned it down with unusual precision. Frank Perry, the old fund-raiser, undertook to raise the necessary $150,000 himself. One man wrote a check for $50,000 and it bounced; he then told Perry to put it through the bank again, and it bounced again. Over 1,000 likely candidates read the script and gave nothing. Perry's mood dropped so low that when a woman offered him $5,000 if he did not direct, he agreed; she didn't have the $5,000.

Two weeks before the scheduled shooting date in the spring of 1962, Perry met "a manufacturer of nylon tricot who was looking for a tax loss." In return for 35 per cent of the profits (which may run as high as $1,000,000), the man put up the last $60,000. That left only the male lead still to worry about. Perry had cast Robert Walker, Jr., son of the late Hollywood actor, in the role, but one week before shooting day Walker pulled out. Perry went with Keir Dullea, a twenty-four-year-old New York actor who at that time had had only limited experience in films.

The schedule and circumstances of shooting the movie would have taxed Mack Sennett. Perry had a grand total of twenty-five days in a rented house in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, with absolutely no provision for running over. On "testing" day, a sort of dress rehearsal of equipment before shooting began, he found everything working satisfactorily and came away with five minutes of finished film. On one other memorable day, he completed twelve minutes of usable film, a faster pace than even the TV Westerns can reach. All the same, he was forced to cut corners like a halfback. Some scenes were not filmed at all (the picture was written to run 125 minutes but ended up running 94), while others could be rescued only in the cutting room. "I faked the final scene [in which David and Lisa finally reach out and make contact with each other] like a madman," Perry says. "I didn't have a master scene of the two of them getting up together. Cut to his face, her face, him getting up, her getting up. Every professional film-maker has spotted it right away."

Perry finished one hour and $1,000 under schedule, and "was convinced I had a bomb." There was literally nothing to do, however, but to try to detonate it. He cut and edited the film in twelve weeks flat, then flew over to Venice and managed to bully a reluctant film festival committee into giving his film a showing.

The rest is noise. *David and Lisa* was a genuine sensation in Venice, winning for Perry the award given the best new director; its stars, Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin, took the top prizes at

From *Ladybug, Ladybug*—"If I bomb a couple of times I'll be in trouble."

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the San Francisco Film Festival. In New York, the movie opened in the dead of the newspaper strike and bloomed gloriously in the breeze of adulatory magazine notices and word-of-mouth. It has played over 1,000 movie houses in this country alone, and the poor nylon tricot manufacturer has had to look elsewhere for his tax loss.

With the extraordinary and improbable success of *David and Lisa*, Perry has emerged as perhaps the most independent of America's independent film-makers. He signed a two-picture deal with United Artists, which supplies money and distribution and nothing else. Perry says confidently that *Ladybug, Ladybug*, the first of these two, is "superior to *David and Lisa* in screenwriting and direction," although he acknowledges that it aroused waves of hostility from the critics in preview screenings.

IT IS at this point that the word "independent" tends to start blurring and swimming around in the field of focus. For Perry has earned, by his incredible initiative and labor, the "complete artistic freedom" that is mentioned in his contract with U.-A. He is his own producer and director, his wife is his script-writer, and there is literally no one to say him nay while a picture is in preparation. But does "independence" for an American film-maker include the independence to lose money with his movies? Is the old Hollywood saw about being "only as good as your last picture" true for those who have apparently eluded Hollywood? Perry discussed the question recently in his downright elegant apartment on the top floor of a midtown Manhattan pueblo.

"What happens if I bomb with this one and the next?" he said carefully. "I don't know. Nobody has carte blanche —Ingmar Bergmann has five films he wants to do right now that they won't let him do. So I suppose if I bomb a couple of times I'll be in trouble. On the other hand, I know I can direct. I'm an actor's director, and I know how to get a performance. That shows, and I think I'll always be able to get a job directing. I even think that I'll always be able to scrape together, somehow, enough money to go off and shoot my own films."

Perry was asked then about D. W. Griffith, the greatest director in film history, who spent the last thirty years of his life looking for an assignment. "I think there's this difference," Perry said. "I think today Griffith *would* be able to raise $65,000 and go shoot a movie in Greece. He couldn't do that in the Thirties, so things have changed to that extent. Still, thinking about him can make you shudder."

THE ANTI-FORMULA FILM

THE FLAW IN THE OINTMENT

ALTHOUGH it is only a dozen years since an aggressive, imaginative new management took over the reins of a faltering United Artists, so successful has been its policy of independent production that today the major studio in Hollywood is virtually an anomoly. Ads and publicity may still be emblazoned with such familiar names as Paramount, Metro, and 20th Century-Fox, but invariably the smaller type will credit the actual production units—companies with fanciful labels like Arcola, Bryna, and Coogamooga. Paramount, Metro, and other big studios may put up the money and handle the distribution, but essentially the picture-making is done for them by the independents.

Needless to say, the system is considered to be almost flawless by the proliferating production companies. Where they have reservations, it is over the modicum of control still exercized by the studios to protect their investment—approval of stars, approval of scripts, the right to make changes in the completed film. Generally, however, this applies only to new and unproven talents. Carl Foreman had *The Victors* in front of the cameras for months before showing Columbia his script; and even then it was primarily to get the publicity campaign under way, not to invite comments from Columbia executives. Under the terms of Richard Brooks's contract with that same studio, he does not have to show them his *Lord Jim* until he has finished with it. Martin Ritt, after the success of *Hud*, was able to wangle from MGM the right to the *final* cut on his new, Westernized version of *Rashomon*, not merely the Directors Guild-guaranteed first cut. United Artists reportedly had misgivings about the script for *Ladybug, Ladybug*; nevertheless, they gave the Perrys all the room they needed, hoping for another *David and Lisa*.

No question about it, today talent is in the driver's seat. The shots are called by those producers, directors, stars—and their agents—who have proven their ability to put together a marketable, profitable picture. The studios provide funds and facilities; the film-makers carry on from there. But can we pretend that we have attained the best of all cinematic worlds? Is there anything in the year just concluding to suggest that a millennium has been reached? Has what these pages once hailed as "the United Artists revolution" produced any significant revolution in our films?

Regrettably, reluctantly, one must answer in the negative on all counts. Rarely has a year's product seemed more conventional and routine. Rarely have our film-makers been so singularly lacking in adventure, in daring. They recoil from the freedoms suddenly available to them, preferring the security of what has been to the challenge of what might be. True, the sex comedies have grown sexier. True, the lines and language have become gamier. One major company has even gone so far as to release a "nudie" film. But for intellectual stimulation, or even technical innovation, it has still been necessary to look abroad. Despite the revolution, despite the new dominance of the creative talents, the old patterns of thinking persist in the American film.

I had a clear, and rather tragic, instance of this a short time ago when I previewed a new picture tentatively titled *The Year of the Tiger*. It is the work of two very serious young men, Marshall Thompson and Wray Davis, who want to make movies. Independently, they raised the modest sum required for their budget. Independently, with no ideological strings attached by any studio, they developed their story about the war in South Vietnam. Independently, they shot it on location, providing fascinating firsthand glimpses of combat in that momentous corner of the world. (Thompson revealed that he directed some of his scenes not merely within earshot, but within gunshot range of Communist small arms fire.) And what came out of all this enterprise and daring? A meaningful interpretation of the political significance of this painful war of attrition? Some understanding of America's role in it as a noncombattant technical advisor? Not at all. Both Thompson and Wray were quick to admit that they had made their picture with the hope of selling it to a major studio for distribution, and that they had trimmed their sails accordingly—trimmed them, in fact, to such an extent that the same plot could be (and has been) used just as effectively against a background of Korea in 1952 or Kansas in 1860.

Unfortunately, this same attitude seems to pervade the thinking of the best-established Hollywood names as

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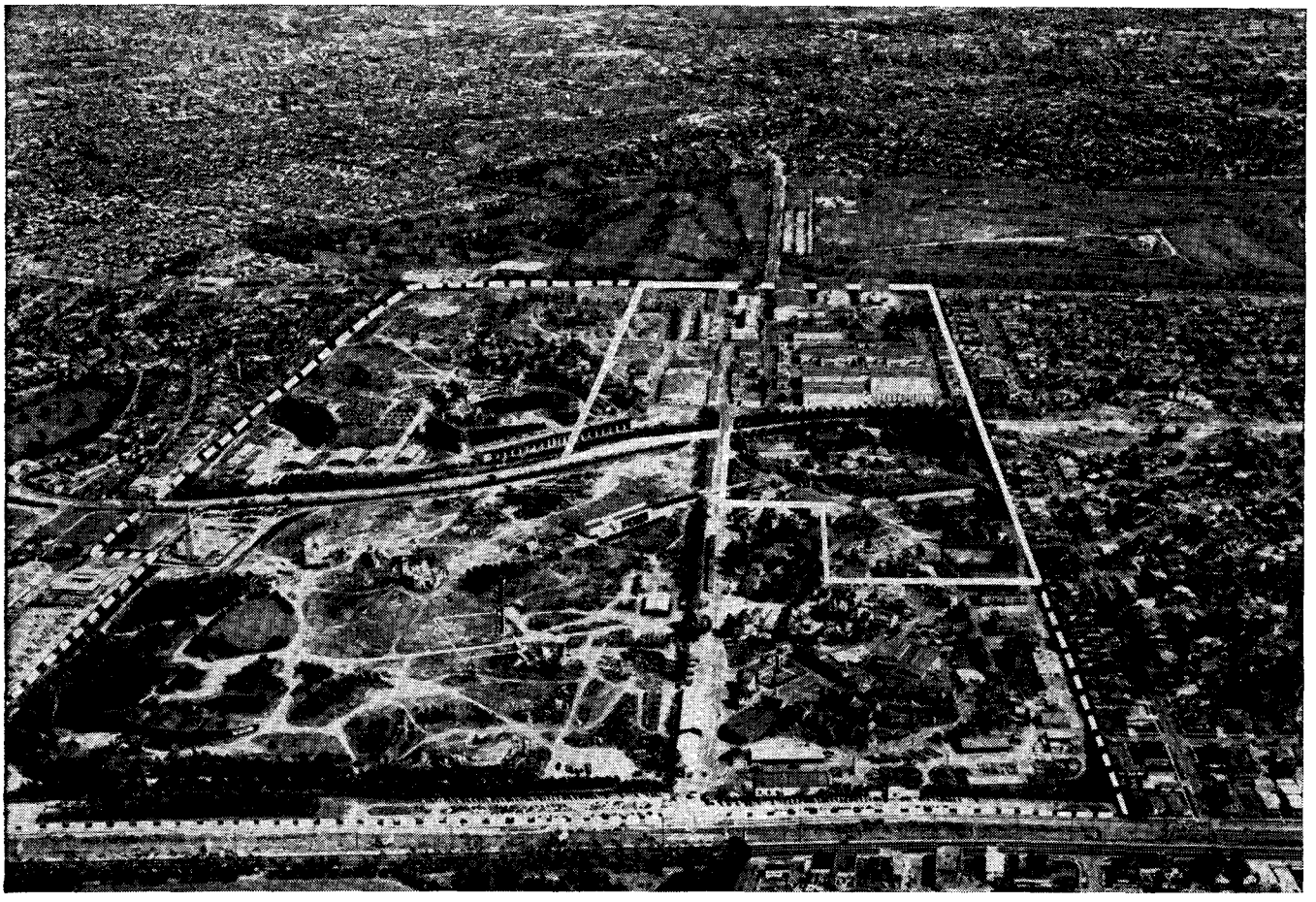

20th Century-Fox lot in Hollywood—"The major studio in Hollywood is virtually an anomaly."

well. Comedy—risqué comedy—was king this year: *Come Blow Your Horn, Under the Yum-Yum Tree, 40 Pounds of Trouble, Mary, Mary, Charade, Four from Texas,* plus that vast group featuring such interchangeable titles as *Love Is a Ball, For Love or Money, The Thrill of It All, A Ticklish Affair,* and *Move Over, Darling.* Drawn firmly along lines emanating from Stanley Shapiro's Universal money-makers, *Pillow Talk* and *That Touch of Mink,* they provided fleeting moments of amusement. For originality, however—and for deep, raucous laughter—one turned to England's *Tom Jones.* Hitchcock all but parodied himself in *The Birds.* In *Irma la Douce,* Billy Wilder seemed intent on proving the show biz maxim that "no one ever lost money by underestimating the taste of the American public." And not even some thirty top comedy stars were quite able to protect Stanley Kramer from the realization that fun is not his forte. The year's spectaculars, *Cleopatra* and *How the West Was Won,* were just that and nothing more, their spirits snuffed out beneath tons of money.

Symptomatically, the more interesting American pictures of the year were those made away from Hollywood, often with a conscious shaking loose from big-studio values. *Hud* was such a film: Its acid-etched portrait of a Texas rake-hell presented, possibly for the first time in American movies, a hero for whom there was not the slightest shred of sympathy. *The Great Escape* was another, at least in its omission of any love interest in order to concentrate on the action. And then there was *Lilies of the Field,* which charmed and delighted precisely because it wandered into areas that were not only off-beat, but off limits for our more expensive film-makers. Such New York-based films as *The Balcony, Lord of the Flies,* and *Affair of the Skin* were even further out.

Nor can it be blinked away that, in this new era of independent film-making, a handful of important stars exerts such potent box-office allure that they have merely to express the wish to do a certain script and its financing is guaranteed. During the past year, another significant (if not always successful) group of films was realized in just this way. Without Gregory Peck, *To Kill a Mocking Bird* would never have been made. Jack Lemmon's interest got *Days of Wine and Roses* off the ground, after its producer had tried for almost three years to find studio backing for the script. Marlon Brando's name meant the production of *The Ugly American,* Burt Lancaster's was responsible for *The Leopard,* and Paul Newman's for *Hud.* Themes that the major studios would have summarily rejected a dozen years ago are now suddenly acceptable—not necessarily because the studio heads have any greater enthusiasm for them as picture material today, but simply because they want the often illusory insurance of star names on the theatre marquees.

For the fact is that, while the American industry has gone through a revolution, it is primarily the *form* of production that has changed. The approach to films that shaped production in the days of the major studios still dominates the board rooms today. Jack L. Warner may be the last tycoon to own and operate his company, but all of the studios still have at the top a generous sprinkling of executives who recall how they made pictures not only a dozen years ago, but twenty or thirty years ago. They have no wish to change. And the frightening thing that seems to be happening, the thing that keeps the majority of our pictures conventional and unaspiring, is that our so-called independents, in their desire to get a picture on the screen, are actually anticipating the objections of the studio heads. They want to make pictures—but they want to make money, too. And the films of 1963 afford a pathetic indication of which is the stronger desire.

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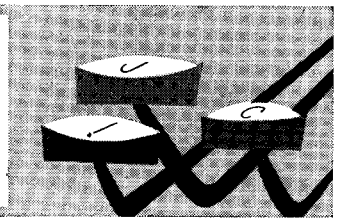
Manner of Speaking



Of Chaos and Courage: The assassination of President Kennedy was not only tragic but intimately visible. The insane miracle of TV suddenly became portentous, in a way unknown to history, and we were there. All that long numb weekend the American people sat before their TV sets, assembled in a single unified emotion.

So profound and so deeply shared an emotion will inevitably move men to gestures beyond the rein of reason. Americans everywhere found themselves asking how we could possibly have let such chaos into our lives. It was a simple emotional step to the conclusion that we had done something wrong, or that we had left some right undone. And from there, it was less than a full step to the further conclusion that we must be guilty of something.

For the fact itself was too simple to correspond to the demands of our emotions. We were more or less aware that the Governor of Texas had been hit by the same assassin. And the announcers did remember to mention that a policeman had been killed. But these were footnotes: facts, but somewhere outside our emotions. What we were trying to understand, and somehow could not, was the stark fact that one man (whoever he was before another madman sealed him away in death)—that one warped man with a $12 gun and a cheap sight could kill the President of the United States.

It is the disproportion that appalls. It stuns the public sense to realize that the head of a state that had overcome the massed ordinance of world powers could be so simply and so cheaply killed. We find ourselves thinking—or no, not thinking—we find ourselves *feeling* that there has to be a deeper cause, that chaos can not be so simply let loose.

It happened in Texas and so Texans feel compelled to wonder in what way they have failed. Yet any reasoned reflection must conclude that it could have happened in any public passage. It happened in Dallas and so the people of Dallas are fearfully concerned for what they think of as their "image." Yet let dispassion ask in what way Oswald was typical of any society. It happened with so cheap a gun. Yet what gun is ever worth the life it takes?

Suppose the shot had killed a Secret Service man: that would have been a tragedy, certainly, but would it have violated our sense of proportion and would it have created that emotional imbalance that has sent so many Americans on an outraged and contrite search for guilt within themselves? Or suppose that the TV coverage had been less exhaustive and less exhausting: the news would yet have been appalling, but would it have been as intense and as intimately disturbing?

It is precisely because we are disturbed that we must be the more careful of our emotional reaction. A nation still tasting the tears of frustrated anger can act foolishly. There is too strong an impulse to assign a cause, to find a scapegoat.

But where is the scapegoat to be found? That a madman with a cheap gun can kill a President is an appalling fact, but a fact. The only possible defense against that fact would be to keep the President in a bulletproof cage. But what President can function at his best from inside such a cage? President Roosevelt's remark after the attempt on his life must not be ignored. As Mrs. Roosevelt reported it, and as I repeat its sense without being sure of the exact words, he said: "Any man who will put his own life on the line can kill a President. That is a risk we must take and put out of our minds."

Yet the search for a scapegoat goes on and I begin to hear editorialists and radio and TV panelists settling on the villain with something like unanimity: our guilt has been the permission of violence; our penance must be to clean up the movies and TV shows and to take the toy guns away from the children. As if a former Marine needed the popguns of his childhood or the gyrations of TV to teach him the workings of violence. As if ROTC and the draft are not enough continuing instruction in how to sight a piece and pull a trigger.

It won't do. Take the popguns from small boys and they can still aim a stick and *Boom-boom! You're dead!*

Against the testimony of at least a dozen gravely ponderous psychiatrists I have heard on radio and TV and read in the newspapers, my own opinion is amateur and need persuade no man. And yet I must submit as a first premise that the children of the tribe always play at what the tribe does for a living. The tribes of man have lived by the violence of real guns, and the children of the tribe will imitate them at play. At what time in the last fifty years has the world been wholly free of war? If Daddy was in the Army, Junior will have his mode for violent play. If Daddy missed it, history will still supply Junior with Redskins to bite the dust. And who will deny that a certain aggressiveness has always been an admired part of what we praise as the American energy? Those toy guns may even be a healthy outlet for the natural violence of the male cub. Give him love as his base and his fantasy-violence will not break out into the real thing.

As for popular entertainment, like it or not, but Plato was right in banning the poets (the script writers of his time) from the Republic. For virtue, he recognized, though admirable, is zero at the box office. It is the literature of violence that holds our emotions and our imaginations. And not the most tragic sense of loss can long change the impulses of the human spectator. It was Aristotle who gave us the code of those impulses: violence there must be, but it must be related and subjugated to an overriding principle of order.

Let the nation find its principles of order and our popular psychiatrists can stop looking into the toy bin and the TV set for the sources of violence. For certainly to live in a world disfigured by war and inequality and to blame its violence on horse opera and cops-and-robbers is a cheap evasion. There is no hope in a nation of choir boys or in a theatre of Pollyannas, but only in the uncertain possibility of a civilization we have only begun to approach.

Perhaps we may yet make it to One World and so remove war from our daily presence; though certainly we shall never remove it from the Homeric dark-and-splendor of our imaginations. And perhaps we may yet make it to a democracy of social equality in which healthy aggressive instincts are not frustrated and warped into hatred.

But the madmen we shall always have with us, and "crass casualty" (the phrase is Hardy's) will always attend human events. Life is a bubble and it breaks. Guilt may become no more than an easy luxury. And grief, alas, can be fruitless.

But it will be even more fruitless to continue this national search for scapegoats that do not exist. We have the way we live, and all of us live at the brinks of chance. We must, to be sure, take such precautions as are possible against chaos. But part of our national courage and sobriety must be in recognizing that tragic accident is always possible, and that it is no necessary occasion for a witch hunt inside our own psyches. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Two Faces on Foreign Aid

THE United States Government is marching in opposite directions in its policy on foreign aid. President Lyndon B. Johnson has urged Congress to be generous in enacting foreign aid legislation. But the Internal Revenue Service is now putting up roadblocks in the way of individuals who wish to send direct aid to nations abroad, whether for hospitals, education, famine relief, or rehabilitation. According to a new Treasury ruling, individuals will now have to pay taxes on contributions they designate specifically for charitable, medical, or educational purposes abroad, even though the American organizations through which they gave their money may have received tax-exempt status.

One result of the Treasury ruling may well be to increase the volume of government-supported foreign aid, thereby increasing the taxes of the nation as a whole, at a time when the President says taxes must be cut. It also puts the President in a position of advocating a public philosophy of generosity and responsibility toward peoples abroad while his Treasury Department imposes penalties for individual acceptance of the same responsibility.

The "Shame of Dallas"

THERE is too much talk about the "shame of Dallas." To the extent that the shame falls on anyone other than the hideously twisted man who pressed the trigger, it falls on us all. It falls on us for too often making the language of violence the medium of communication. In a more particular sense, it falls on those assigned to protect the President and upon the local police. Usually, a half-dozen or so guards ride on the running board of the President's car, shielding the President's body; this was not the case the day of the assassination. There was inadequate binocular monitoring of windows from the guard car in the motorcade.

But to assign shame to the people of Dallas is to engage in the same kind of careless, harsh accusation that is the stock in trade of the violent extremists. Up to the moment that history's most tragic bullet was fired, the people of Dallas had mounted the most enthusiastic reception accorded President Kennedy in his three years of office. They were eager to offset the unfavorable impression of Dallas created by recent unsavory episodes in the city, including assault by spit and placard on Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. Dallas therefore meticulously planned an enthusiastic bipartisan tribute to the President, in which all the principal groups in the city would be represented. Three shots turned out to be louder than the entire ovation, but that is not to be levied against the population of a city.

Serious errors were made. The chief of police had no right to arrogate to himself the role of judge and jury in pronouncing a man guilty, no matter what the evidence showed. And the handling of the prisoner, especially at the time he was being transferred to another prison, was inexcusable. But part of the blame belongs to the press. No police chief in American history had ever been under greater pressure by more newsmen and television reporters to tell everything he knew or suspected. The press was in Dallas to get the news to the American people, and the police chief was left in no doubt concerning that fact. The complaints about violation of due process are valid; at the same time, the conditions favoring due process were practically nil.

In any event, the situation is irrational enough without compounding it by condemnation of an entire city and its people.

Big-Time Football

SEVERAL weeks ago in this space we considered some aspects of college football, recognizing that it was a superb spectator sport and television vehicle but that it should not be mistaken for an amateur activity. Some of our readers replied by calling attention to outstanding performers, such as Byron "Whizzer" White, who were also superb scholars. Granted, but they are far from representing the whole of big-time college football. Others have pointed out that football has made prodigious contributions to the health of the nation's youth. Granted also, but this is largely irrelevant.

What is relevant, however, is a comment made last week by Otto Graham, one-time star quarterback of the championship professional Cleveland Browns. Mr. Graham, now a coach at the United States Coast Guard Academy, has been experimenting successfully with genuine amateurism. He took his present job, he said, because he "wanted to be free of the pressure of big-time college football."

"I had all kinds of offers for coaching jobs," he said. "But before I decided on any of them I had to be sure the job would fit into my philosophy of football."

Then Mr. Graham told what his philosophy was not.

"The whole philosophy of winning at all costs, of frantic recruiting, of filling the big stadium every Saturday was against my thinking. I'm probably the only coach in the country who doesn't have to recruit players."

It's possible that there may be a few coaches, here and there, who share Otto Graham's happy estate. But that doesn't change the essential validity of his testimony. Colleges are under relentless pressure to play winning, big-time football. This means recruiting and special deals, over and under the table. It means taking students out of classes for games away from home. It means pressure on faculty members to give borderline students who play football the benefit of any doubts. We return, therefore, to our suggestion of several weeks ago. Don't drop the sport; just drop the pretense.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JFK: Reaction from Abroad

JOHN F. KENNEDY'S DEATH is a more grievous loss for the world than for his own country. We share your sorrow.

SUDHIR GHOSH.

New Delhi, India

WE ALL OF US want to send you our deepest sympathy for the assassination of your President. It is a blow that has hit not only America but the whole world. Yet we all hope that you do not feel that it is any reflection on the great American people that this should have happened in America. It could have happened anywhere; there is no country and there are no people free from lunatics.

FATHER BRUNO S. JAMES,
Collegio Universitario Newman.

Naples, Italy

THE LITERARY GAZETTE EXPRESSES TO THE STAFF OF SATURDAY REVIEW DEEPEST CONDOLENCES IN CONNECTION WITH THE MONSTROUS MURDER OF THE EMINENT STATESMAN JOHN F. KENNEDY.

ALEXANDER CHAKOVSKY,
EDITOR, LITERARY GAZETTE.

MOSCOW, USSR

THE SOVIET REPUBLIC SHARES THE GRIEF AND INDIGNATION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN CONNECTION WITH THE VILLAINOUS MURDER OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY. WE GREATLY APPRECIATE THE PRESIDENT'S ASPIRATION FOR A HEALTHIER INTERNATIONAL ATMOSPHERE. ACCEPT OUR SINCERE CONDOLENCES.

N. POPOVA, PRESIDENT,
SOVIET FRIENDSHIP SOCIETIES.

MOSCOW, USSR

WE ARE SHOCKED AT THE HORRIBLE NEWS. THE TRAGIC DEATH OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY DEEPLY DISTRESSED US. WE FULLY SHARE THE SORROW OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AT THE LOSS OF AN OUTSTANDING STATESMAN WHO MADE HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF EASING INTERNATIONAL TENSIONS AND FURTHERING SOVIET-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING. . . .

ALEXANDER KORNEICHUK.
(Soviet Playwright)

MOSCOW, USSR

The Legacy of JFK

I READ WITH deep interest N.C.'s recent editorial "The Legacy of John F. Kennedy" [*SR*, Dec. 7]. It is one of the most moving, profound, and to-the-point commentaries on the life, work, ideals, and purpose of the late President.

SR seems to have caught the full significance of his life and work and of the impact he has left upon our national life. Your evaluation of world conditions today and the functioning of democratic process, as well as your delineation of our duties and responsibilities toward our country and the world, are masterpieces of penetration and clear, mature thinking. Your exposition of what we can do to put a stop to such acts of violence as the one which has brought to such an abrupt and tragic end the life of one of the most brilliant and far-seeing men of our country should be read by all and should become the rallying cry of all true Americans. . . .

SPYROS P. SKOURAS.

New York, N.Y.

OUR LATE BELOVED President John F. Kennedy was a good friend of mine. I know he would have appreciated very deeply N.C.'s magnificent editorial.

"The Legacy of John F. Kennedy" was a masterpiece—the best I have seen of all the words written of him, his actions, and his ideals.

EDWARD P. BOLAND,
House of Representatives.

Washington, D.C.

FOR THOSE OF US who have groped for the appropriate means of articulating the sense of personal loss generated by the death of President Kennedy, N.C. has performed a distinct service. In "The Legacy of John F. Kennedy," *SR* captures precisely the vitality of this multifaceted man and the confidence for the future which he inspired. When my children and grandchildren ask me to relate my impressions of JFK and my reactions to his assassination, I shall refer them to this article.

NORMAN R. YETMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

N.C.'S ARTICLE ABOUT the President's death was the noblest and most adequate statement that I know of that has been made concerning any comparable disaster.

I am sending a copy each to two men of world power and influence with whom I happen to be on special terms, so that I can guarantee that the statement will be thoughtfully read by them, as it will, I hope, by some millions of others. I salute not merely a magnificent performance but a great editorial concerning a greatly significant occasion.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.

Warren, Conn.

IN HIS BRILLIANT editorial "The Legacy of John Fitzgerald Kennedy" N.C. has paid eloquent tribute to our late, beloved President. It is a finer tribute than any I have read anywhere else. Congratulations and thanks to N.C.

HELEN H. SHOTWELL.

New York, N.Y.

I WAS IN THE SUBWAY, reading "The Legacy of John F. Kennedy." First I admired the intellectually cold beauty of the initial paragraphs. Then, as I became absorbed by the semantics, the lucid thoughts of the author began to ring in my mind nostalgically with the sermonizing voice of the late President. I could see him again, his finger pointing; I could hear him again, quoting, quipping.

This is immortality, I thought—to leave on the minds of your fellow men an indelible impression of your personality after you are physically dead. . . .

SELIG O. WASSNER.

Teaneck, N.J.

I COMMEND N.C. on his excellent, thought-provoking "Legacy of John Fitzgerald Kennedy."

Two diverse points of view are offered in this issue, however. The article states, "We can ponder our fascination with brutality as exhibited hour after hour on television or on the covers of a thousand books

"He hit me with the *New York Times*."

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and magazines. We can ask why our favorite gifts to children are toy murder weapons."

Robert Lewis Shayon, in a review of BBC television's *That Was the Week That Was,* states, "The British don't care for physical violence on television. Perhaps this is a psychological state caused by living on small, crowded isles. Uninhibited mental violence may therefore constitute a sort of emotional release."

I was appalled to discover, following the black weekend of November 22, that my ten-year-old son and his friends were playing a new neighborhood game called "Oswald," a version of cops and robbers, with Oswald the pursued. On second thought, I decided it was healthier in the long run for the youngsters to play out their attitudes than brood about them.

My suggestion is an article in your magazine by either a sociologist or a psychologist on the better of the two philosophies —"our fascination with brutality" or "uninhibited mental violence."

Or is there a third solution?

Mrs. Lillian Johnson.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Your editorial about John F. Kennedy is surely a definitive appreciation of this great man, whom I knew only slightly when we were freshmen at college. But I do think you have missed two points, not with respect to Mr. Kennedy himself, but concerning the implications:

You speak of "one man with a gun. . . ." This is misleading. It is a psychological impossibility, confirmed by subsequent events, for "one man with a gun" to have been responsible for the atrocity of last week. A lone assassin, after he has been caught, uses every opportunity to proclaim his deed and what he thinks to be the reason for it. The supposed assassin was silent even before eternal silence was forced upon him.

The other thing: You make a noble plea for re-examination of our attitudes toward violence. Here I have to accuse you of something we clergy so often do. You fail to remind us that thought must issue in deeds. We've been thinking about this too long. We need to act. Specifically, we need to repeal forthwith the provision of the Second Amendment that permits the citizen to keep and bear arms, a provision that was useful and necessary in frontier days, but which now simply marks us as a savage nation. And we need to re-examine the entire concept of censorship, and to act on that, too. The recent attitude of the judiciary that such matters may be decided on the basis of "commonly accepted norms" is one that can lead only to contempt for law and order, for it means that you can change a law by disobeying it, and it means that the whole population is forcibly exposed to what the worst prefer.

(The Rev.) Roger Geffen.
Port Washington, N.Y.

The forgotten figures in the tragic November events are the two Oswald children. Where, in this country, will they be safe from the knowledge that their father killed the President of the United States?

Frances C. Thompson.
Fargo, N.D.

Memorandum to a Network

Editor's note: *The following letter, a copy of which was sent to SR by its authors, was addressed to Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. An additional copy was sent to the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.*

While we are still stunned by the events of the weekend, two dim rays of hope have pierced the daze of tragedy and national humiliation. One is the statement of Chief Justice Earl Warren in the Rotunda of the Capitol Sunday afternoon, calling for a moral renaissance. The other is your prompt announcement Friday afternoon that CBS would discontinue all commercials and entertainment programming until after the President's funeral, thus acknowledging the influence of television in setting the moral, spiritual, and cultural tone of our society. Your swift action in this regard set the pace not only for the radio and television industry, but for the entertainment world and for communities throughout the nation. We appreciate the dignity and good taste which prompted your action.

Your sensitivity to the moral responsibility of a TV network leads us to hope that you may step out in front and lead the radio and television industry in rising to the challenge of Chief Justice Warren's call. A first and essential step would be the elimination of programs of hate and violence from the nation's television screens. How can we combat the rising acceptance of hate and violence as a substitute for reason and law as long as we continue to allow hate and violence to dominate TV—the most forceful educational medium at our command?

Perhaps the most shocking aspect of our experience of witnessing the murder of Lee Oswald on our TV screen last Sunday was the sensation that "Oh well, this is just another TV Western or whodunit." This is a shock we will not soon get over. We ask, and we think the nation must ask, "Have the mass media been insidiously immunizing the average citizen against shock, and callousing our capacity for moral indignation, while actually encouraging those of warped minds to translate sick thoughts into evil deeds?"

The cause-and-effect relationship between television programs and the nation's moral climate may be disputed. The evidence may not be clear, but the stakes are too high to quibble. Prudence and common sense demand the withdrawal of hate and violence from our radio and television air lanes. We urge you, with the same sense of dignity and good taste that motivated your pace-setting action on Friday, to declare once and for all that CBS will peddle no more seeds of national destruction. We are confident that the people will be receptive to programs of high moral standards, and that the networks could make such a change without long-run losses in advertising. If this is not so, then the time has come for public ownership and operation of our mass communications networks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle E. Craine.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Scrambled Schoolmen

Arthur Knight's column "The Ripple Effect" [*SR,* Oct. 12], on the First Annual Film Conference at Aspen, was an interesting and well-done review. One thing the conference did not produce, however, was a change in office for Thomas Braden; he's still president of the California State Board of Education, not Supervisor of Schools as Mr. Knight indicates. The Superintendent of Public Instruction is Dr. Max Rafferty, and the last thing either of those two gentlemen wants is to be confused with the other. That would produce quite a bit more than a "ripple effect."

W. F. Scheuermann, Jr.
Sacramento, Calif.

Editor's note: *SR is glad to restore both officials to their rightful posts.*

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Come On You!

AMERICA, we have learned forcefully in the past few years, is not the melting pot it was once said to be, and the prevailing image of a "true American" is still a white Protestant well-dressed fellow who lives in a pleasant suburb, drives a new car, goes to his church on Sunday, and buys life insurance and some carefully selected stocks such as IBM and AT&T. But this is not the American visualized in Elia Kazan's new film, *America America:* he is, rather, a twenty-year-old Anatolian Greek whose name is Stavros Topousoglou, and the story is about how this boy becomes an American. In a more general sense, Kazan has taken the theme of immigration, and developed through this one instance the yearnings, the drives, the will of millions from other countries and places who managed to reach the United States, and whose descendants are still forging its character. Elia Kazan is one such descendent, and the boy he is telling about in his lengthy but vivid film is based, so we are told, on an uncle, Avraam Elia Kazanjoglou, who, when he came to America, changed his name to Joe Kazan.

The nephew, who was brought over here when he was four years old, grew up to be one of our most important and creative stage and film directors, but he has never written before this, and if this film were important for no other reason, it would of course excite unusual interest because it is the first to have been conceived and written, as well as directed and produced, by Elia Kazan. As a director he is superb, and as a writer he has found his way to a naturalness and simplicity that would come very hard to a practiced professional. He has reached back to the tales told in his family and has retold them on the screen in a most convincing and affecting way, allowing that one passionate, implacable urge of young Stavros to dominate and give form to his otherwise loose structure of incidents.

Perhaps the most amazing thing of all about what Kazan has done is that he never allows us for a moment to lose sympathy for Stavros, who, on the long road and passage to America in 1896, becomes a murderer, a man willing to marry a sweet girl for the dowry that will enable him to pay his steamship fare, and eventually a male prostitute. But such is the power of his dream, such are the nature of his adventures and hardships (and, it should be said, so unaffectedly does Stathis Giallelis play Stavros) that we can understand the hardening of his resolve. "I have a plan," he murmurs to his cousin in his worst moment of despair.

The Greeks and Armenians in Anatolia were ruled by their age-old conquerors, the Turks, and it is Kazan's assumption that the inchoate urge for a new homeland in Stavros stems from his resentment against the harsh, blighting Turkish rule, and the hope of economic improvement was not necessarily part of it. This is clear enough, but what is not so clear is the image Stavros has of the new country. He seems to see it as a place where the men wear straw hats and the women are well-dressed and sophisticated. Just what Stavros wanted, other than a place to put down new roots and to bring his downtrodden family to, isn't shown us. Perhaps Kazan didn't want to dabble with such abstractions as "freedom," "liberty," and "individual expression," and he has implied only that for Stavros America was a place of hope.

Hope, in the burning sense that Kazan has conceived it for Stavros, is almost enough to explain the dream of America. Add to it a sense of pride that lay hidden behind the boy's placating smile as he spoke to his subjugators. And yet this, too, is not quite enough. We want more substantial details of that dream. The others of the story are drawn more concretely, especially Abdul, the bandit who cheats Stavros of his miserable possessions and then would kill him for a

few more coins, and Aleko, the rag merchant who wants Stavros as the husband of one of his four homely daughters. In the home of Aleko, Kazan shows us the kind of life in Istanbul that Stavros can have if he is willing to stay. The daughter offered to him is a pliant, loving creature, but her comforting presence won't make up for the loss of the dream. He prefers prostituting himself to a middle-aged, frustrated American woman who gets him his passage because she wants him for her own needs.

Kazan, who has interested us in his story throughout, manages to make it most moving during the voyage to America and in the first moments ashore. When Stavros (now renamed Joe Arness by an immigration official) stoops to kiss, not the soil, but a stone step

(*Continued on page* 62)

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a long moment–when everything
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The U.N.

Continued from page 13

workers, and leaders of commerce and industry.

United Nations agencies are in the forefront of such efforts. The Governing Council of the Special Fund, for example, has already approved 123 advanced education and technical training institutions for vocational instruction, engineering, and development planning, among other fields. More than 30,000 people have already increased their skills in these institutions and now play vital roles in their countries' economies.

One project assisted by the Special Fund and the Food and Agriculture Organization combines training, surveying, and research into a worldwide attack on the desert locust. Since Biblical days, the devastation caused by locusts has been lamented. Even in years when only small swarms of locusts move across North Africa, the Middle East, Pakistan, and India, damage is still estimated in many millions of dollars. In periods of intense swarming, crop destructions is a major calamity.

In 1959, an initial group of sixteen nations petitioned the Special Fund to help them bring the full resources of modern science and technology into the anti-locust battle. Careful field and laboratory studies have shown that locusts breed only under certain climatic conditions. Accurate, long-range weather forecasting, made possible by the Tiros satellite, and identification of breeding grounds through photographs taken from Tiros have provided the information for effective remedial action. Aerial patrols with insecticides can be dispatched to the breeding grounds at precisely the right moment to help conquer this age-old plague.

The development assistance currently being extended by the U.N. is given within the framework of the United Nations Development Decade. Its goal is for national incomes in the developing countries to be growing by at least 5 per cent annually in 1970. If our efforts are adequate in scale, sufficiently imaginative in scope, and effectively carried out, what can we expect at the end of the decade? By 1970 at least twenty countries should have moved from poverty to relatively decent living conditions, with despair giving way to confidence in a still brighter future. Successful economic "take-off" by these twenty countries will encourage additional countries to work still more boldly to achieve their dream of wiping out poverty, illiteracy, and chronic ill health by the end of the century. If this happens, development assistance—including that of the United Nations—will go down in history not only as morally sound, but as a far sighted investment in world security and well-being. *Then* it will be impossible to write about "the U.N. that nobody knows."

During the Evening News

By William Stafford

THINGS that happen at the same time
often insult each other. Down below wisdom
our little girl skips while Nehru listens
to all the advisors tell him how to be strong
Such times you're afraid to notice
what day it is: just knowing something
too well may set up awfuu reverberations.

Out over the crowd Nehru looks,
and I have seen it: you want to help enemies flourish
enough to dare to be friends, and even
just flourish. I lean into the picture and words,
and like a twinge the world's great reverse image
wearies me too with sad little interpretations;
somthing heavy and rich flows into my mind.

No matter what anyone says,
Nehru or someone like him has always really been
President of the World. This has a clear feel;
I can't forget it or lay it aside;
it fixes the look that stays after the news
and says the trouble with being smart is
you have to mean what you do.

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The Fine Art of Art Dealing

SEVERAL newly installed Manhattan galleries have focused attention this fall on the tenuous relationship of artist and dealer. Almost every painter and sculptor, especially those living outside New York City, has endured frustrating humiliations in the process of finding sympathetic representation. Let me assure you, the search can sometimes be rough. It is painful to recall how many creative men have cooled their heels while nervously awaiting the nod of some successful art dealer. And yet the answer is not necessarily larger galleries or more galleries; it is *better* galleries.

That so many dealers have recently invested in new quarters could augur well for America's escalating art business. As an interested bystander, I have long been troubled by soaring and often irrational prices, particularly where works of the last hundred years are concerned. But Frank Lloyd of the new Marlborough-Gerson Gallery (the name Gerson, alas, is prematurely melting from sign and sight) claims that "the surface has not yet been scratched," that possibilities for the New York art market are virtually unlimited. To be sure, he added that most art dealing at present adheres to old-fashioned nineteenth-century traditions. He advocates drastically modernized methods that will keep pace with up-to-date international merchandising techniques. If we judge his advice by the success of the two galleries in London and the one in Rome he was instrumental in founding, we can only conclude that Mr. Lloyd is right, but I am skeptical.

For no matter how hard-headed we are, *art is not merchandise*. True, we buy and sell it; true, scarcity becomes an economic factor, but final judgments rest on history's decisions, and obviously history must rely on time. Art does not, as a rule, wear out. It peters out, if it cannot stand up to the demands of passing years. Moreover, time is never static; what we reject today we applaud tomorrow. At the start of the century, Turner's watercolors brought formidable prices; forty years later they could be had for a pittance, and now again they are astronomically high. Our sights change as our attitudes change.

In the long run, I suspect, art dealing must remain a personal matter, above all in relation to the work of living artists. For, since paintings and sculpture are not assembly-line objects, they are ill adapted to merchandising methods that reflect the psychology of mass production. Ideally, artist and dealer are more than business partners. The greatest dealers have always recognized creative work early and backed it with the full stamp of their own convictions. The man who selects the art must almost of necessity be the man who sells it. How can a slickly trained sales staff operate on a level of total commitment? All the advantageous financial contracts in the world do not compensate for the loss of a personal relationship between artist and dealer.

A brief look at three of the newly installed galleries is revealing. The Marlborough-Gerson, Saidenberg, and Willard Galleries all emphasize effective interior design, though the first is so vast as not to be comparable. Its impressive opening exhibition of predominantly twentieth-century art is seen to advantage against a distinguished architectural setting large enough to rival the average museum. And yet one recalls with a twinge of regret Otto Gerson's more intimate though admittedly less handsome establishment recently purchased by Marlborough after Gerson's death.

New quarters for the Willard and Saidenberg Galleries are also simple, functional, and inviting, but here, in both cases, the atmosphere of former days has been preserved. Still modest in size, these new settings do not destroy the institutions' individual characteristics. Dan Johnson of the Willard said recently, "I've long maintained that art provides the last refuge for the individual. As soon as it ceases to do that, it ceases to be art." His wife, Marian Willard, added, "For twenty years we fought for acceptance; now we want to reaffirm our early beliefs." And certainly no one has a better right to make the statement. From the beginning, she backed what she believed in with quiet courage. Last month's opening show in attractive new quarters did not glitter, but a wall each of Tobey, Graves, and Feininger is no small delight. These artists formed the backbone of the gallery long before their names were internationally respected.

WHEN I asked the Saidenbergs about their change of premises and what they were after, they said, "We like to deal personally with people, particularly with young and new collectors. To run a gallery is a way of life we both love. It brings people to us, especially artists." Because Daniel Saidenberg is a distinguished cellist, the gallery often combines chamber music and art in what have been memorable evenings. It is a rare experience to hear top music in humanly scaled surroundings amid fine Picassos, Braques, and Klees.

What worries me about the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery is not alone its size, but its lack of personal identity. At least this is what I felt about the inaugural exhibition (on view through December), which, inexplicably, is dedicated to the memory of Curt Valentin, an admirable New York art dealer who died nine years ago and who, to my knowledge, was in no way involved with this gallery. If there was anyone to be commemorated, why not Otto Gerson, from whom the organization takes

"Before we start, *remember*, I can buy and sell you."

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part of its name and part of its stock? After all, a fitting New York memorial exhibition was organized for Curt Valentin shortly after his death. In an embarrassing catalogue that comes close to deifying the late dealer, Marlborough-Gerson explains its actions by claiming a parallel interest in the artists Valentin represented and a desire to emulate his great achievements. Personal letters to and documents about him, often dating from almost a decade ago, feature influential American and European art names, making one question whether the new gallery's adulation is limited solely to disinterested idealism. What the Marlborough-Gerson should have done was show its own artists under its own steam. The list is impressive enough to pull us in. And Curt Valentin would have been the first to agree—a man eminently dedicated to the fine art of art dealing. —KATHARINE KUH.

In January Don't Miss

Sculpture by Houdon at the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts. The first showing in America of this eighteenth-century French sculptor will include several famed portraits of American heroes, such men as Franklin, Jefferson, and John Paul Jones. Opens January 16.

Gaston Lachaise at the Los Angeles County Museum. A comprehensive exhibition of sculpture and drawings by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise, who died in 1935 and who is renowned for his poised and voluminous figures. Closes January 19.

The Art of Mughal India at Asia House Gallery, New York. An outstanding exhibition of art from the Mughal Dynasty (1526-1858) is represented by book and album paintings, rare jade, glass and crystal vessels, armor, gold fabrics, and fine rugs borrowed from India, America, and Europe. Opens January 15.

Guggenheim International Award Exhibition at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. Held every third year, this international contemporary exhibition will include eighty-two paintings from twenty-four countries. The United States, Canada, South America, Europe, and Asia are represented. Opens January 16.

Additions to the Print Collection at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Comprising outstanding acquisitions of the past two years, the show features seventy rare works by such renowned artists as Dürer, Goltzius, Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, and Gauguin.

TV AND RADIO

Haiku in Detroit

Man dreams of flying.
Exquisitely patterned wings
are born. He folds them.

THIS example of haiku, a traditional Japanese form of poetry (complete in seventeen syllables, with three lines of five-seven-five), was written last summer by Lloyd Frank Merrell of Chelsea, Michigan. Called "Sleeping Ecstasy," it won first prize in a haiku poetry contest sponsored by Japan Air Lines over WDTM, a fine-arts FM station in Detroit.

WDTM received more than 1,000 poems from listeners. Teachers, doctors, engineers, businessmen, housewives, children, ministers, and musicians submitted haikus. The form is not unknown among students; when I mentioned the contest to my daughters, who are in junior high school, both surprised me by saying they had done haiku in their English classes. In the Wines School at Ann Arbor, Mrs. Muriel Ross's fifth-graders had all composed haikus, and when the contest was announced the teacher submitted the poems of the entire class.

The winning poem shared top honors with haikus submitted by six other residents of Detroit, including a business executive, a Catholic nun, and a six-year-old girl. H. Dwight Wilson, an Oriental scholar and instructor in political science at Wayne State University, judged the contest. None of the winners was a first-rate specimen of haiku, he thought, although some were good poetry. "Torn between judging the contest on the basis of universal standards of poetry and adherence to the haiku form," he said, he made up an eight-point scale and resolved all doubts by pure subjective preference. The runner-up, "The Moon," by Phyllis Mann, is: "The moon quivering/in the pond will be shattered/in the pounding sea."

The WDTM policy of Marshall M. Carpenter, Jr., president and general manager, is "awareness advertising." Its basic premise is that people who make up the FM audience are not regular listeners at home seven nights a week, but that they will give their attention selectively to quality programs, products, and services. Contests are a staple advertising tool, but this one suited the sponsor's objectives unusually well.

Classical Japanese poetry is severely impressionistic. Heavily influenced by Zen Buddhism, which prefers to leave the mind uncluttered and go directly to the "unseen truth of things," haiku is an economical form that strives merely to suggest, leaving the imagination of the hearer or reader to fill in the outlines.

Perhaps some of the contestants tried their hand at this form of creative activity for the first time; perhaps others will continue to respond to the haiku challenge of communicating the incommunicable. In a world of aggrandizing "white space" and pictures, the word that is worth a thousand pictures is surely worth cultivating in individual experience.

AS in the case in the annual tanka (thirty-one syllables) contest in Japan —where the whole nation is invited to participate and the Emperor and Empress take part—the WDTM contest offered no substantial prize. The winners were all pulled in a ricksha to lunch at the Top of the Flame Restaurant. The whole affair was a clever publicity

stunt, stimulating creative effort, giving pleasure, and leaving the audience to fill in the "unseen truth of things"—namely, that we all ought to fly Japan Air Lines.

The appearance of haiku in Detroit, symbol of mass-production society, is perhaps paradoxical. But then, FM broadcasting is identified with individualism; and Lao-tse, the sage of Zen and inspirer of haiku, is the serene master of lyricism. The opposite chord in Oriental philosophy is Confucius, the prosy, practical man of affairs and orderly human conduct, suggesting Detroit. Lao-tse and Confucius represent the polarity of the human spirit in the East, as do the Essenes and the Pharisees, the Augustinians and the Thomists, Plato and Aristotle. In each instance, the world probably cannot do without either.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Look Back at the Year's Best

THE YEAR has been notable for a number of books having to do with writers. The most impressive is *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald,* edited by Andrew Turnbull, one of Fitzgerald's biographers. Turnbull has been criticized for grouping the letters according to their recipients instead of arranging them in chronological order. Certainly his method has disadvantages, but Fitzgerald's letters to his daughter, Scottie, and to his editor, Maxwell Perkins, have an impact now that they could not have if they were scattered through the book. These are some of the most intimate and revealing letters I have ever read. Fitzgerald also figured, along with Ernest Hemingway and others, in Morley Callaghan's *That Summer in Paris.*

William Faulkner was the subject of two books that are completely different in purpose and method but each of which is excellent in its own way. John Faulkner's *My Brother Bill* is personal and affectionate, giving us a warm feeling for the man and his way of life but not telling us much about his work. Cleanth Brooks's *Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country,* on the other hand, is a critical study of great range and depth, the best that has appeared.

After Mark Schorer's massive biography of Sinclair Lewis it didn't seem that there could be much more to be said about either the man or his work; but Vincent Sheean's *Dorothy and Red* adds to our understanding. It tells more, to be sure, about Miss Thompson than it does about her husband, but we see him sharply in his relationship with her. As the story of an impossible marriage, it is, as I and many other reviewers have said, fascinating.

An older literary figure, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was re-examined by the late Newton Arvin, and turned out to be both a better poet and a more complicated and interesting man than most of us had supposed. By exercising the finest kind of discrimination Arvin showed how much excellent work Longfellow did, without either overlooking or apologizing for his shortcomings.

Also worth bearing in mind is *Writers at Work: Second Series,* made up of interviews that have appeared in the *Paris Review.* As in the first series, the interviews have been done with unusual skill, so that the volume tells us a great deal not only about the opinions of particular writers but also about the creative process itself. Frost, Eliot, Hemingway, Miller, Durrell, and Lowell are among the writers included.

Finally we have the pair of books I reviewed last week, William Wasserstrom's *The Time of the Dial* and his accompanying anthology, *A Dial Miscellany.* The former is a lively, if overambitious, essay on contemporary American literature, while the latter exemplifies the literary vitality of the Twenties.

Although the year did not bring forth so much significant fiction as some years have done, there were several interesting novels and collections of short stories, and there were two books that seem to me to be of enduring importance. One of these is Bernard Malamud's *Idiots First,* with a dozen stories, most of which are first-rate. Many critics have commented on Malamud's compassion, and certainly it is one of his great qualities, but we should not forget how broad his range is. We should not forget the savagery of "Still Life," the fantastic humor of "Naked Nude," the stylized comedy of "The Jewbird." His gifts are many and of a high order.

33 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks's annual roundup

34 The German Phoenix, by William Henry Chamberlin; Berlin: Success of a Mission? by Geoffrey McDermott

36 Main Street, Italy, by Irving R. Levine

37 A Street Lamp and the Stars: The Autobiography of Don Mario Borrelli of Naples, with Anthony Thorne

37 Atrocity, by "Ka-Tzetnik 135633"; The Terezín Requiem, by Josef Bor; Herod's Children, by Ilse Aichinger; The Janowska Road, by Leon Weliczker Wells

38 Cliffs of Fall and Other Stories, by Shirley Hazzard

39 Criminal Record

40 Poetry and Fiction, by Howard Nemerov

41 Christina Rossetti, by Lona Mosk Packer

42 Men and Centuries, by J. H. Plumb

43 The Magic and Mystery of Words, by J. Donald Adams

When I read John Updike's *The Centaur,* I was bothered by the elaborate mythological scheme that he had developed, but that does not seem so important now. Some scenes, I believe, are greatly enriched by the way in which they remind us of mythological figures and episodes, and if the method contributes little to other passages, it does not detract from them. The principal objection to the method is that it gets in one's way in a first reading of the book: one goes rushing back to the mythological index to find out who this person or that is supposed to be. But in re-reading one takes all this for granted and is moved by the relationship revealed between father and son.

Two books were given a predictable

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reception. Salinger's *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction* was for the most part coolly treated, partly because "Seymour" raised some disturbing questions about Salinger's direction but also because Salinger's reputation was due to be deflated. It also seemed certain that Mary McCarthy's *The Group* would have a large popular success, and of course it has. It did not, however, have as much critical success as some of Miss McCarthy's earlier novels, many of the reviewers saying flatly that its importance was mostly sociological.

ONE of the novels that I liked and felt was unfortunately neglected is Josephine Johnson's *The Dark Traveler*, a gentle and yet compelling story of the redemption of a child. I liked Jean Rikhoff's *Dear Ones All*, Harvey Swados's *The Will*, and William Goyen's *The Fair Sister*. I was amused by a malicious first novel, Paris Leary's *The Innocent Curate*, which has, as I anticipated, been causing considerable commotion in Schenectady. (Although I did not review it, I want to call attention to Wright Morris's *Cause for Wonder*, which has for the most part been inadequately treated.)

There were two collections of short stories that I liked: Lillian Ross's *Vertical and Horizontal*, whose contents seemed to me even better in book form than they had in *The New Yorker*, and Reynolds Price's *Names and Faces of Heroes*, which gave me the same sort of pleasure as his first novel, *A Long and Happy Life*. (I might mention that I also liked two collections that I did not review: Joyce Carol Oates's *By the North Gate* and Cecil Dawkins's *The Quiet Enemy*.)

I reviewed fewer English novels than I sometimes do, but of those I did review several are worth recalling. Iris Murdoch's *The Unicorn* is one of the most puzzling of her novels and by no means my favorite, but nothing she writes is dull. *The Girls of Slender Means* shows Muriel Spark at her subtlest and most dextrous. And there is yet another Englishwoman who gave me pleasure—Penelope Mortimer with *The Pumpkin Eater*. I was glad to catch up with the earlier Anthony Powell, reading *What Became of Waring?* and *Afternoon Men*, and I was impressed by John Fowles's *tour de force*, *The Collector*.

If it appears that I liked a good many books, I did not like them all in the same degree, and there were plenty of others for which I felt no enthusiasm. I try to select for review books that will interest me, and I am lucky enough to guess right a fair proportion of the time.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE CONTINENT

Putting a Country Together Again

The German Phoenix, *by William Henry Chamberlin (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 309 pp. $5.95), and* ***Berlin: Success of a Mission?*** *by Geoffrey McDermott (Harper & Row. 147 pp. $3.95), are concerned with the economic revival and political divisions of the New Germany. Louis L. Snyder, professor at The City College of New York, is the author of "German Nationalism," among other books.*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

THE OUTSTANDING fact of German history is a polarity of development that has never been resolved. In the Middle Ages it was centralism *vs.* particularism. In the modern era it was the religious conflict that left the Germanies permanently divided between Lutheran and Catholic. In the nineteenth century another dichotomy saw Prussia and Austria contending for the domination of the Germanies; later Bismarck's Second Reich was caught between Western constitutionalism and Eastern authoritarianism. After the Hitler débacle of 1945 came another tragic dualism, the split between West Germany and East Germany, this time imposed from outside by the Allies.

Germany history is also a history of extremes. The Germans have dominated Europe, and they have fallen helpless prey to the dictation of others. "German," said the British historian A. Taylor, "has meant at one moment a being so sentimental, so trusting, so pious, as to be too good for this world; and at another a being so brutal, so unprincipled, so degraded, as to be not fit to live."

These violent oscillations are recognized in both these books, each of which is an important contribution to the literature on contemporary Germany. William Henry Chamberlin, a distinguished journalist and author of many books on the Soviet Union and international affairs, opens his new study with an apt quotation from Goethe which he titles "An Epitaph to German History": "Rejoicing to Heaven, depressed to the depths."

Mr. Chamberlin recounts Germany's phoenix-like economic rise from rags to riches and her significant return to free institutions and rule of law after the era of Hitler tyranny. After a brief chapter on her historical inheritance, he describes Germany in the depths, sunk to a level of national humiliation and physical misery comparable to the situation at the end if the Thirty Years' War. He then treats the political climb upwards, the economic miracle, Adenauer and his political heirs, divided Berlin, the face and spirit of the New Germany, and concludes with a chapter on America and Germany as allies for peace.

The narrative is good, strong, solid

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stuff with lots of backbone. The organization is good, the writing excellent. It is a pleasure to observe a highly competent journalist at work. This is in fact one of the best if not the best accounts available of the constructive accomplishments of the New Germany.

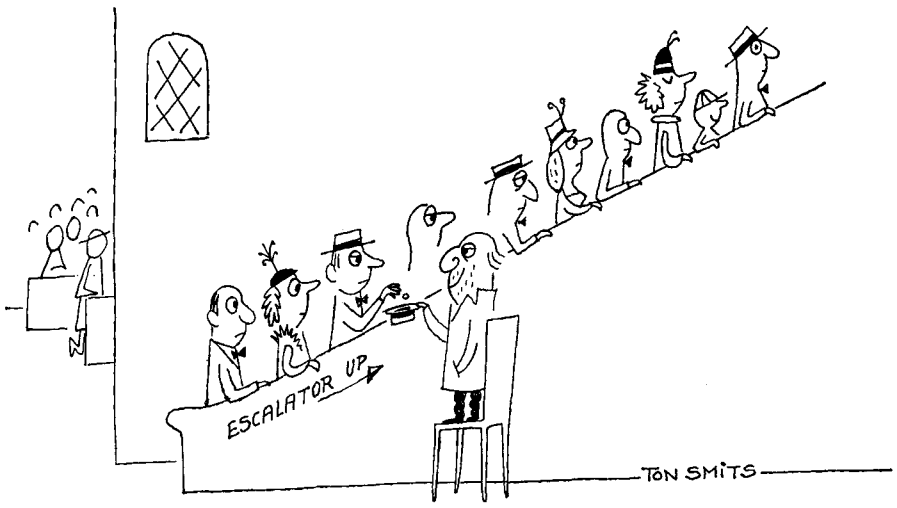
So long as Mr. Chamberlin confines himself to straight reporting, his work is first-rate. But as soon as he enters the field of value judgments and begins to editorialize he lays himself wide open to counter-opinions. His suspicions of the Soviet Union are so great that he sees the complexities of German problems through red-colored glasses. This is most unfortunate, because it tempts him to classify those who show the slightest reluctance to love-the-New-Germany as members of the hate-Germany school and therefore, by implication, dupes of the Kremlin.

We see this tendency especially in Chapter XII, "Is Nazism Outlived?" Mr. Chamberlin believes that it is. He also charges that a "more or less systematic" Hate-Germany campaign has arisen. He attributes it to the Kremlin and "doctrinaire Socialists," both bitter over Germany's revival, and to a hard core of irreconcilables who suffered from the barbarous crimes of the Nazis. He adds that "there is no better way to play the Communist game than to libel the country that has become a key position in the European anti-Communist front."

WHERE does this leave those fair-minded observers who, while they are just as much opposed to Soviet duplicity as Mr. Chamberlin is and just as much impressed by the rise of Germany from the ashes, are not quite as willing to reject the historical record? Some feel, perhaps with good reason, that two burnings on the German stove are enough. There may be justifiable grounds for opposing a German finger on the nuclear trigger. It may well be good sense to remember Rapallo.

Mr. Chamberlin describes Dr. Hans Globke, trusted confidant of Chancellor Adenauer and sometime author of an explanatory commentary on Nazi racial laws, as "a favorite target for those who like to point to alleged Nazi influences in high places." There are two understandable sides to the Globke case. Some are willing to grant him a good character certificate, others are not.

The author is much impressed with those current German historians who are busily fashioning a significant German resistance movement to Hitler. The campaign assumes more and more posthumous size and power with each successive book. This calls for some healthy skepticism. Granted that a small number of noble and courageous Germans gave their lives in the struggle against the monomaniacal Hitler, by what revisionist logic is this tragic sacrifice to be blown up into a legend that pictures a juggernaut of resistance?



Geoffrey McDermott, author of *Berlin: Success of a Mission?*, is more realistic on this matter: "I remember at one dinner party an aggressive Berliner of no importance telling me that he had been a leader of the German resistance during the war and that it had only failed because the Allies would not support it. I turned my back on him."

Mr. McDermott, after a successful career in the British Foreign Service, was assigned in July 1961, at the age of forty-nine, to the post of British Minister and Deputy Commander in Berlin. In less than a year (June 1962) he was suddenly "retired." There was no subtlety; he was simply recalled and forced into retirement on a small pension, "a pewter handshake." This book tells the story of his short mission to Berlin.

Mr. McDermott took his job seriously. He soon became convinced that the military position of the British, Americans, and French in Berlin was nonsensical, since the Red Army could take the city within an hour. Suspecting Dr. Adenauer ("mean-spirited and arrogant") of using Berlin to blackmail his allies, Mr. McDermott became convinced that a rapid solution to the Berlin problem was critically necessary.

Thus began the McDermott plan, consisting of seven major steps: (1) Agreement between Russia and the Western powers, renewable after twenty years, that reunification is their long-term aim. (2) The present German frontiers would be recognized as definitive. (3) The German Democratic Republic would become a separate state. (4) Berlin would be recognized as the separate entity it already is. (5) The four powers would agree on guarantees for the access of their representatives to Berlin. (6) Some important United Nations agencies would be moved there. (7) The three German states would become members of the United Nations.

In general, this was a moderate scheme to cure a festering sore in international relations. However much one may disagree with it, it provided at least a useful basis for discussion between East and West. But Mr. McDermott had spoken out too soon, too effectively, and too loudly. His conservative colleagues in Berlin, Bonn, and Whitehall, embarrassed and infuriated, got rid of him with unbecoming haste. The McDermott case, a minor sensation, was much discussed in the House of Commons and in the British press.

This book, Mr. McDermott's first, is his *apologia*. With typical British understatement he says that his "retirement" struck many people as "odd." He analyzes the political background of the negotiations over Berlin and explains his plans for solution of the problem. He also gives an absorbing picture of diplomatic life in Berlin, especially his relations with Willy Brandt ("outstanding," "reliable") and General Lucius D. Clay ("distinguished").

MR. McDermott's writing is good-humored and colloquial: "Berlin is not a military question at all but one of the hottest potatoes in the world." "Adenauer is a dictator for half of every day, and gaga for the other half."

Although he says that he seeks to "throw some light into the darker corners of the Foreign Service so that the Service as a whole might benefit," it is clear that Mr. McDermott is thoroughly angered and embittered over the cavalier treatment accorded him. It is possible that he showed a bit too much independence and initiative. Perhaps this is the classic case of the formula that when it comes to policy-making diplomats, like non-fading-away old soldiers, should be seen and not heard.

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The Man in the Piazza

—*From the book*

". . . the unpredictable Italian *anima* . . . is brother to the impenetrable Russian soul."

Main Street, Italy, *by Irving R. Levine (Doubleday. 542 pp. $6.50) examines the well-stuffed but down-at-heel Mediterranean boot-land of the 1960s and its reluctance to enter the age of the Sputnik, the graduated income tax, and canned pasta. Bill Downs has spent the last twenty-five years as a newspaper, magazine, and radio-TV reporter, mostly for CBS News overseas. His last foreign assignment was in Rome.*

By BILL DOWNS

THE CRAFT of today's foreign correspondent demands that he become an instant historian. If this is a rather dismaying concept, then brace yourself: the advent of Telstar and other communications techniques are putting new pressures on the world's news media and their reporters overseas. History is getting more "instant" every day.

In the process of their reporting, the foreign correspondents have produced their own journalistic library—most of it pretty perishable stuff—in which newsmen and women seek to freeze a few days or decades between a book's title and its conclusion, trying to tell how it was and why.

Irving R. Levine of NBC News writes about his Mediterranean assignment in this genre. His *Main Street, Italy* is a compendium of what every well-informed correspondent should know if he is suddenly called upon to "wing" a bit of instant history, whether it be the fall of a coalition government, a policy change in the Vatican, or a juicy international tax scandal. What the book lacks in organization of subject matter it makes up for in the proliferous facts that crowd its pages.

In his opening chapters, Mr. Levine announces his intention to write "a kind of primer" of everyday life in Italy. He fails in this because he never makes up his mind *whose* everyday life—the native's or the expatriate's. He warns that it's "imprudent to generalize about Italians," and then proceeds to do so with annoying frequency; *e.g.*, "Italians are mercenary, they can be extremely contentious and seldom are greatly dedicated to keeping their word." "One explanation of overdeveloped Italian pride is that Italians really suffer from a national inferiority complex."

The author makes it clear that he is no sentimental sucker for the historic beauty left by the Romans (although, he admits, "the only complaint that one who lives in Piazza Navona can have is that he can never again experience the thrill of seeing it for the first time."). Neither will he be taken in by the irresponsible charm of the indolent natives (a donkey-riding farmer once demanded 1,000 lire for the taking of his photograph but accepted half that amount, thus saving NBC News about eighty cents in production expenses).

Levine generally tries to maintain an impersonal "objectivity" about the passionate peninsula; but occasionally he sounds like a nagging housewife when he discusses Italian shopping habits, *espresso* coffee, or the touchy matter of bribery at the Vatican (the customary payoff to set up a television camera in St. Peter's Square is "transparent financial corruption . . . of a petty nature and is probably unknown to the Pope and other high dignitaries.").

Both the strength and weakness of *Main Street, Italy* is the deluge of statistics and percentages. Levine's prodigious research serves him well when he discards his primer approach and does a hard-hitting, scholarly job on the confusing history of postwar Italian politics and the even more confusing economy. He sorts out the spectrum of the nation's multiple party system lucidly, and provides a masterful explanation of the opportunities and dangers of *l'apertura a sinistra*—the controversial "opening to the left" that is still under assessment and dispute. His penetrating surveys of Italian commerce, labor, banking, and the private and government monopolies that control the bulk of the national economy will produce ideological shudders in both the NAM and the Politburo. And any American planning on an extended sabbatical in sunny Italy should read Levine on taxes, housing, leases, and apartments, and hire a good lawyer immediately on arrival.

The major contradictions of postwar Italian society—the paradox of burgeoning Communism in a Catholic state and the anticlerical political paganism that flourishes in the shadows of the Cathedrals of the Mother Church—are here exhumed and exposed as ably as has been done by the scores of other experts and scholars who have attempted to solve the puzzle. But, like the mysteries of Rome's apartment *portieri* and the Etruscans, they remain generally incomprehensible. Perhaps the answers lie buried in the unpredictable Italian *anima*, which, as any old Moscow hand like Levine knows, is brother to the impenetrable Russian soul.

Main Street, Italy is at its best when the author allows his sense of humor to come through or when he gets down to on-the-spot reporting. His question-and-answer record of an interview with a middle-aged ex-Fascist army veteran reveals more about Italy than most of the authorities quoted elsewhere, beginning with the Caesars.

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Boystown, Italy: During World War II Allied military personnel in Naples were often warned to protect their property and valuables against marauding young gangs prowling the streets. Reflecting on one's encounters with these formidable youths, one hopes that many of them were later reformed by Don Mario Borrelli, the Father Flanagan of Italy, in his well-known House of Urchins.

In his autobiography, *A Street Lamp and the Stars* (written with Anthony Thorne, Coward-McCann, $4.50), Don Borrelli tells us that, though the number of these wayward youths was increased by the war, they have been troubling Naples—and occasionally its social conscience—for three centuries. Today there are 3,000 to 4,000 of them engaged in crime. The number can only be estimated because most of them are cunning enough to avoid arrest. But no one has discovered so much about them as Don Borrelli.

He did so by joining a gang himself. His small height, youthful appearance, and similar origins enabled him to sustain night after night for many months a disguise that not only won the confidence of the boys but, he asserts, often deceived those among whom he was performing priestly functions during the day.

After Don Borrelli revealed his true identity, he was able to lure many of the boys into disused buildings he had obtained from the Church authorities. He was only partly successful, however, because for some of the boys the freedom and excitement of the streets were too strong a temptation.

Much has been written about this work of rescue and rehabilitation, which is widely known and respected outside Italy. The purpose of Don Borrelli's brief but moving account is to enlist international support. He leans too heavily on his "ghost"; but, though the style is often slick and the effects overcontrived, the substance of his message will touch the conscience of Italian and non-Italian alike. —GABRIEL GERSH.

Coming Next Week

January 4, 1964

World Travel Calendar

Issue

Photo Contest Winners

FICTION

Death Haunted Their Houses

Ilse Aichinger—"Kafka-esque impression."

Atrocity, *by "Ka-Tzetnik 135633" (Lyle Stuart. 287 pp. $4.95);* ***The Terezín Requiem,*** *by Josef Bor, translated from the Czech by Edith Pargeter (Knopf. 112 pp. $3.50);* ***Herod's Children,*** *by Ilse Aichinger, translated from the German by Cornelia Schaeffer (Atheneum. 238 pp. $4.50), and* ***The Janowska Road,*** *by Leon Weliczker Wells (Macmillan. 305 pp. $4.95), recreate the terror of life under the Nazis in the words of four authors who encountered it at first hand. Antoni Gronowicz, Polish-born novelist, has just completed "Virtue in Four Positions," a story with an American background.*

By ANTONI GRONOWICZ

IT IS now almost a quarter-century since the beginning of World War II; and the literature on the subject of Nazi cruelty has reached enormous proportions. Here are four more books written by survivors, describing almost unbelievable experiences.

During the Eichmann trial the court heard the testimony of a former Auschwitz prisoner, "Ka-Tzetnik 135633," to whom recalling his days in the death camp proved so unbearable that he fainted on the witness stand. The same man has now written a novel, *Atrocity.* It is the terrifying story of an eleven-year-old boy named Moni who was selected by the Block Chiefs for their sexual games. The boy, in order to save himself from mental collapse, held fast to his happy memories of life with his parents, until even these failed him.

This masterful description of camp life and death reaches a peak of brutal realism with an account of the selection by Commandant Rudolph Hoess, who sent two million people to crematories, of a new group for killing. The book is journalistic and raw in spots, but scene after gruesome scene emerges so vividly that the reader comes away feeling the need to do something to prevent repetition of such horrors.

The Terezín Requiem, by Josef Bor, gives a simple and moving account of the efforts of a young conductor, Raphael Schachter, to organize a performance of Verdi's *Requiem.* There would be nothing unusual about this in the free world; but this is in the Terezín Ghetto in Czechoslovakia, and the members of Schachter's musical group are Jews awaiting extermination. The conductor has a great deal of trouble completing his forces because the Nazis choose some members for immediate death. After long preparation rehearsals finally begin, and go amazingly well. Schachter receives a pledge from the

"Ka-Tzetnik 135633"—"brutal realism."

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concentration camp management that nobody will be selected for death before the performance, which Eichmann and the local SS élite attend, even applauding the Jewish musicians. At the close, the conductor "stood erect, his back turned upon his audience. Nothing stirred. Only the curtain slowly closed." And then, "The Command had promised that Schachter's company would not be separated. The promise was kept. All together they ascended into the first wagons of the first transport."

The central figure of Ilse Aichinger's *Herod's Children* is a remarkable little girl called Ellen, who is capable of giving her grandmother a prescription for immortality but cannot endure suffering. This nightmarish story, which revolves around Ellen and her playmates —Jewish children in Vienna under the Nazi occupation—has no strong plot; it is a Kafka-esque impression, in which Biblical figures are introduced, of the dreams and desires of a child who longs to escape the Nazis and go to America.

LWOW in Poland, situated at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains on the ancient trade roads leading from the Black Sea into Central Europe, is one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in Eastern Europe. Its inhabitants, prior to 1939, were Poles, Jews, and Ukrainians, who most of the time lived in peace and occupied themselves with trade. Lwow was well known for its parks and streets, one of which was called Janowska Road and extended far beyond the outskirts of the city. On this road, behind the old cemetery, the Germans built a "beautiful" concentration camp, their only contribution to the architecture of Lwow. *The Janowska Road* is Leon Wells's own story of the years 1941-1945, based on the diary he concealed from the camp guards, and which he kept because his uncle told him, "Perhaps you will be the last survivor of the family, the one who will be permitted to live on."

The teen-age Leon managed to escape from the camp, but he was not free for long. He was arrested again and sent to the Death Brigade at Janowska Road. There he witnessed the systematic destruction of thousands of persons. He managed to survive only because of his youth, health, and ingenuity, and lived to be a witness at the Nuremberg Trial. His style is clinical, but there is an undercurrent of bitterness that reveals a lack of hope for humanity.

These four books have one thing in common: they were written by persons who know physical and moral torture at first hand. As such, they are shocking documents that must be preserved.

Lessons from the Lovelorn

Shirley Hazzard—"Unique vision."

Cliffs of Fall and Other Stories, *by Shirley Hazzard (Knopf. 192 pp. $3.95), focuses on moments of crisis closely observed. Don M. Wolfe, professor of English at Brooklyn College wrote "Image of Man in America."*

By DON M. WOLFE

THE TEN stories collected here reveal a many-faceted if unextended talent concentrated mainly on the portrayal of woman acutely vulnerable to the burden of love enhanced by rejection.

Of such is the longest and ripest story, "A Place in the Country," in which the heroine loves her cousin's husband with a blind, despairing passion, deepest at the instant of parting. Neither in this story nor in any other in this volume does the author use a march of scenes to portray a conscious tension between two parts of her heroine's psyche. The structure of the stories, like the imagery, is suggestive rather than rounded. Shirley Hazzard has much of the delicacy and subtlety and poignancy that distinguished Katherine Mansfield and Willa Cather, but without the fulness of dilemma one finds in "Bliss" or "A Wagner Matinée."

The most original vignette, "Harold," portrays a tall, awkward English youth in a Sienese *pensione,* miserably ill at ease until his mother leaves the table and his youthful companions skeptically draw him out. Yes, he will be glad to read a few of his poems. Then, a transformation: "He was no longer intensely aware of them, or indeed, of himself, and his face was unrecognizably calm. Even the arm, resting on the table's edge, was curved toward the papers in a controlled and easy gesture." Another delicate and memorable portrait is that of Vittorio, a gentle Sienese classicist who takes an English couple into his apartment and unknowingly inspires love in the unhappy wife; but the essence of ambivalence which alone can bring to light the unique psyche does not illumine the portrait of Vittorio as it does that of Harold.

In bringing some characters into focus Miss Hazzard interposes too many minor figures. At times she uses introspection indiscriminately, as in "The Worst Moment of the Day" and "In One's Own House," where she plunges abruptly into the thoughts of four or five people in quick succession. Moreover, the internal life of no one character in *Cliffs of Fall* is fully realized.

If it is weak in certain aspects of structure, Miss Hazzard's art is rich and glowing in stylistic resources. Sparing and selective in her use of images, she often deftly brings her reader to the spot without entangling his senses further to keep him there. On occasion, as in the opening of "Weekend," she catches simultaneously the magic of color and sound and movement. Her most original stylistic gift, however, is for the deft characterizing abstraction: "He could not have been more embarrassed had he found her praying," "as aloof as curiosity would allow," "in her face poetry and reason met without the customary signs of struggle." One senses in Miss Hazzard's art a kind of reluctance to let any sentence, any phrase, escape her without meeting the stern critical tests she has imposed upon herself.

Miss Hazzard's themes rise from deep veins of involvement in moments of crisis, which she faces with relentless honesty; they derive also from close, exact observation of people and streets and houses of diverse lands. Her unique vision and her development thus far bode well for the future.

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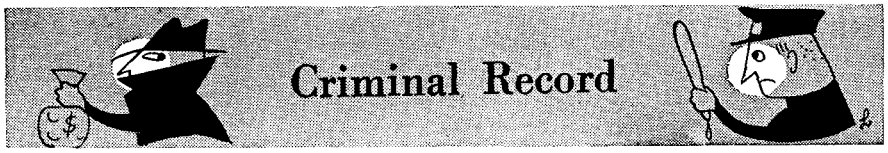

Revolt in the Mafia. *By Raymond V. Martin. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $4.95. What happened when the three Gallo boys tried to break the grip of Brooklyn's Syndicate chief is here described absorbingly by the New York cop who called the shots. Fine up-to-the-minute fact job.

Flight 967. *By Brad Williams. Morrow.* $3.95. Forty-two died late in 1959 when a DC-7 bound from Tampa to New Orleans plummeted into the Gulf of Mexico. "Was it mass murder?" asks the author, and presents his case in masterly, vivid, convincing fashion.

Professors of Perfidy. *By Alan Hynd. Barnes.* $3.95. Nine profiles of con men (and a con woman), all USA, make up this unusual collection of authenticated rogues. Good, save where wisecracky writing takes over.

Dead Calm. *By Charles Williams. Viking.* $3.50. John and Rae Ingram, hero and heroine of same author's fine *Aground,* find selves in deadly peril from madman on Pacific cruise aboard ketch. Staunchly shipshape from stem to stern.

The 12th of Never. *By Douglas Heyes. Random House.* $3.95. Disinherited American youth spins plot to have ailing museum assistant serve as stand-in in insurance swindle; somebody *does* die, anyway; USA, Switzerland, England, Scotland visited. Clever situation piece, with much quoting from Bartlett.

The Most Dangerous Game. *By Gavin Lyall. Scribners.* $3.95. Free-lance English pilot, on mining survey in Finland, finds self involved with bear hunter from Virginia (and his sister), plus British and Russian intelligence setups. Author of excellent *The Wrong Side of the Sky* rings the bell again.

The Seventh Fury. *By John Castle. Walker.* $3.50. Crash of US military plane in Asia Minor initiates race to snag deadly cargo; chase takes in Turkey, Greece, Italy, France. A performance of true distinction; long, but you'll be glad it is.

Prisoner's Plea. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $3.50. Fred C. Fellows, nice tobacco-eating police chief of Stockford, Conn., looks into case involving convict whose execution is soon due. Has echoes of famous English crime of 1930s. Among his best.

The Yellow Trousers. *By Pete Fry. Roy.* $2.95. London eye sends his secretary to Paris to escort Greek magnate's daughter back to England, but something goes sour and two men die. Fast and sprightly.

Make My Bed Soft. *By Jack Webb. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Al Duffey, Arizona ornithologist's son, gets chance to spread his wings when gal calls on him for aid; literary quotes abound. Brash and brisk.

The Case of the Amorous Aunt. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Perry Mason takes on murder case outside his home county (and we all know what *that* is); fledgling counsellor proves big help (is the aging giant building up a replacement?).

Ghost Hunter. *By Hans Holzer. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4.50. These experiences of an honest-to-goodness professional specter-trailer do not all involve felonies, but the murdered Serge Rubinstein is one subject. Good relaxer.

A Choice of Assassins. *By William P. McGivern. Dutton.* $4.50. Yank photographer, turned stumblebum in Spain following wife's crash death, muffs suicide attempt, agrees to take a life by way of compensation. Moves well once protagonist is off the sauce.

Five Days to Oblivion. *By David O. Woodbury. Devin-Adair.* $3.95. Kidnapping of US scientist in Maine woods rocks Cambridge, Mass., and Washington, D.C.; FDR disliked, also State Department. Huge cast a deterrent to full enjoyment.

Death of a Painted Lady. *By Brian Cleeve. Random House.* $3.95. Murder of Dublin model keeps Irish eyes from smiling until police wrap up case. Novelty of setting is the plus-mark here.

The Bridge of Lions. *By Henry Slesar. Macmillan.* $3.95. Much ground and air is covered (Washington, London, Paris, Bahamas) in this tongue-in-cheek chronicle involving (besides murder) hormone balances and all that. You can't tell the players (or sometimes the genders) without a scorecard.

The Saint in the Sun. *By Leslie Charteris. Crime Club.* $3.50. The Riviera, England, Bahamas, Florida, Switzerland are the settings for this septet of stories reciting the triumphs of an old standby.

Ellery Queen's Mystery Mix No. 18. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House.* $4.95. Latest annual issue includes twenty short fiction pieces from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* plus a fine bonus: a Ring Lardner story here appearing in a book for the first time.

Close Quarters. *By Michael Gilbert. Walker.* $3.50. English cathedral community in flap when death strikes twice; good Yarders apply the pressure. Moves rapidly once you get the canons and the deans and the vergers straightened out.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

"Henry, my art teacher says I need practice drawing the human figure. Would you do me a favor . . . ?"

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When the Muse Takes a Field Trip

Poetry and Fiction, *by Howard Nemerov (Rutgers University Press. 381 pp. $7.50), a collection of essays and reviews, reveals "a generous and constant application to the work of others." Charles Simmons of the New York Times Book Review was coeditor of "The Creative Present."*

By CHARLES SIMMONS

W. H. AUDEN, in a foreword to his recent collection of criticism *The Dyer's Hand,* explains himself in these words:

> It is a sad fact about our culture that a poet can earn much more money writing or talking about his art than he can by practicing it. All the poems I have written were written for love . . . On the other hand, I have never written a line of criticism except in response to a demand by others for a lecture, an introduction, a review, etc.; though I hope some love went into their writing, I wrote them because I needed the money.

Howard Nemerov in his preface to the book at hand, also a collection of essays and reviews, writes:

> Poetry and criticism are as a double star, and if we wish to go on in poetry beyond the first ecstatic stirrings of the imagination . . . we shall do well to learn all we can of what poetry is, and try to see by means of many examples how the art is constantly redefining itself. Studying one's contemporaries, one gets an idea of what is possible, as well as many ideas of what is not.

Here we have two confessions that public acts were committed for private purposes: Mr. Auden reviewed, lectured, introduced in order to support himself; Mr. Nemerov did the same to make himself a better poet. These apologies by creative men for practicing a noncreative craft are unnecessary, because both books are valuable not only as means to an end but as ends in themselves. They contain hard thought, lucidly expressed by cultivated, humane, erudite, witty, engaged, and various minds. They are the result of a generous and constant application to the work of others. If Mr. Nemerov seems to have taken the job more seriously—that is, put more of himself into it—and yet Auden's book is the better, it is only because there is more of Auden to go around. Still, *Poetry and Fiction* contains some of the best contemporary American criticism written by a man of Mr. Nemerov's age and interests.

A number of pieces in this collection are joint reviews, presumably done on assignment. I can imagine the pleasure of editors who required only one-two-three judgments of the individual items, and received instead pieces such as Mr. Nemerov's 1954 article for the *Kenyon Review* on books by Theodore Roethke, Karl Shapiro, and Yvor Winters, in which the comments on each work were turned to illuminate the other two and the medium as well. To see such connections takes critical intelligence; to make the reader see them takes a sense of form, which Mr. Nemerov, as a poet, has to an extraordinary degree.

There are separate essays on the work of Wallace Stevens, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Robert Graves, and Dylan Thomas, poets so much discussed that one may find Mr. Nemerov less interesting here than in his articles on the poetry of Reed Whittemore and Weldon Kees. Kees, whom Mr. Nemerov knew as a friend, disappeared in 1955 under circumstances suggesting suicide. A selection of his poetry was published in 1960. Under the guise of reviewing the book, Mr. Nemerov evokes the man in a way that reminded me of Milton's *Lycidas.*

The second half of Mr. Nemerov's title is accounted for by his essays on novelists and novels—Faulkner's *Light in August* (a book not so difficult that it really requires all the explication it has received), Nabokov (two very perceptive articles written well before Nabokov entered public domain as a subject for criticism), Cozzens (an overgenerous appraisal), Thomas Mann (two rich appreciations, good to read in these days when Mann seems to have lost his place beside Proust and Joyce).

However, the one piece which I found most startling and most original is "Composition and Fate in the Short Novel." Here Mr. Nemerov argues that it is the novella, rather than the short story or the novel, that is the perfect fictional form and the true heir of tragedy. To give an idea of his style when it is gayest and most engaging, I would like to quote him on short stories. They "amount for the most part to parlor tricks, party favors with built-in snappers, gadgets for inducing recognitions and reversals: a small pump serves to build up the pressure, a tiny trigger releases it, there follow a puff and a flash as freedom and necessity combine; finally a Celluloid doll drops from the muzzle and descends by parachute to the floor."

There are a few pieces on other critics' criticism. With the exception of a fine, firm review of Stanley Edgar Hyman's *The Armed Vision,* in which Mr. Nemerov fixes exactly what is wrong and what is right with Mr. Hyman's head and heart, I found this section the least appealing in the book—perhaps because criticism of criticism is too far for a poet to wander from the center.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

QUEENS BY THE DOZEN

Frank B. Stratton of Grinnell, Iowa, offers twelve anagrams in each of which the word *queen* appears. He asks you to convert each of these combinations into a single polysyllabic word. Answers on page 53.

1. MISS QUEEN RITA
2. QUEEN HAD LIAR
3. INCA QUEENS SILENT
4. QUEEN IDA SLIPS
5. I BOLT A SUN QUEEN
6. I LIST QUEEN ANTS
7. TOSS QUEEN RITA
8. QUEEN COINS LATIN
9. QUEEN'S CACTI
10. QUEEN RIM REST
11. O I PITY TALL QUEEN
12. QUEEN ALICE V

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Who Inspired Her Imagery?

Christina Rossetti—"an emotionally vigorous, even passionate woman."

Christina Rossetti, *by Lona Mosk Packer (University of California Press. 459 pp. $9), suggests a new vision of the poet's character and a new candidate as the object of her unhappy love. Books by Morse Peckham include "Beyond the Tragic Vision: The Quest for Identity in the Nineteenth Century."*

By MORSE PECKHAM

LONA MOSK PACKER proposes not only an entirely new interpretation of Christina Rossetti's life and character, but also a new frame for understanding her poetry. Instead of the frail, withdrawn, and somewhat languishing Anglican half-nun and her religious, perhaps culpable, shrinking away from her lovers, we are offered an emotionally vigorous, even passionate woman—frustrated, certainly; but only because there was an intense emotional vitality that had to be rigidly controlled since it could not be extinguished. And, instead of the sleepy James Collinson and the pallid Charles Cayley as rejected suitors, she suggests the striking, gifted (if second-rate), masculine, and erotic William Bell Scott, who was, when he appeared in Christina's life, most unfortunately already married, to a woman who was a wife in name only.

Collinson, it appears, was rejected not because of his conversion to Catholicism, but simply because Christina could not love him enough and could not stand his family; while Cayley was never more than a friend, advanced as a suitor by William Michael Rossetti after Christina's death in order to veil her interest in Scott. William had to explain all those passionate love-poems somehow, since they continued to be written after the disappearance of Collinson from Christina's life and since she had frequently asserted that her poems, like all good poems, were cries from the heart, direct expressions of actual emotions consequent upon actual situations.

Professor Packer's thesis is surprising, but it cannot be dismissed as a biographical fantasy, though her book is blemished by an excessive amount of speculation, some of it daring, some a little silly. For she has used quantities of unpublished material, either unused by or inaccessible to previous scholars. Above all, she has examined minutely "nine notebooks containing Christina Rossetti's poems from 1845-1856," now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. These contain any number of poems from which Christina or William selected only stanzas.

With this evidence before her, she found it impossible to accept the story that had its source as well as its confirmation in W. M. Rossetti. It seemed impossible not to believe that there was a man in Christina's life who had been edited quite out if it. Most of the poems were datable; a pattern of recurring emotional crises appeared, crises of an erotic character. And this too made sense, for *Goblin Market*, written in 1859, is one of the most subtly and disturbingly erotic poems in the language.

Collinson and Cayley had been eliminated; a search now had to be made for someone who continually reappeared in Christina's extremely limited social circle, someone probably associated with her brothers and their friends in the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood of which Christina herself was in effect a member, someone she could not marry, and someone who continued to visit the Rossettis after the brotherhood had dissolved. There was really only one possible actor to fit this role: William Bell Scott, who has been called a Pre-Raphaelite and who certainly came strongly under the Pre-Raphaelite influence, particularly in the 1850s. Scott's comings and goings between London and Newcastle matched extraordinarily well the recurrent erotic crises suffered by the unfortunate Christina. Perhaps we shall never be absolutely sure; but Professor Packer has proved her thesis as well as any such speculation could possibly be proved short of a confession by Christina herself, and far better than any number of historical speculations that have been accepted as true.

And there is another reason for believing this new vision of Christina's personality and this changed though not wholly novel interpretation of her poetry. It is often forgotten that there were two Pre-Raphaelite movements, quite antithetical. The later one, dominated by Dante Rossetti's *House of Life* and by his later paintings, such as *Beata Beatrix*, is highly stylized, dreamy, withdrawn, part of late nineteenth-century estheticism. But the original program was quite different. It was hard, even harsh, determined to face objective reality and the emotional life without traditional palliatives, pseudo-explanations, or Transcendental visionary intoxications. The naked spirit confronted the naked fact. It was the English manifestation of a European cultural situation from which, in France, emerged the work of Manet and Zola.

And this is the spirit of the poetry of Christina Rossetti. Even her religious poems offer less a consolation than an almost Kierkegaardian sense of the abyss between God and man. The notes she strikes are those of emotional realism and honesty. In such a cultural situation, in the very center of which she found her being, only a powerful eroticism, confronted with a passionate and exciting personality but held in check by an intensely felt morality, can account for her extraordinary poetic achievement. If that personality was not Scott it was someone just like him.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1064

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1064 will be found in the next issue.

XFABSLATSB FW AKB BCCESA

EC GLO AE FQBGOFCH

KFGWBXC CES AKB MSEOZ EC

KFW DEOQFAFEO.

BGBSWEO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1063

When gossip grows old it becomes myth.

—LEC.

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The Little Things Meant a Lot

***Men and Centuries,** by J. H. Plumb (Houghton Mifflin. 294 pp. $6), illustrates the author's "selectively accumulative" method of using small but symptomatic facts to bring a past era to life. James Sutherland, professor of modern English literature at the University of London, has written a biography of Defoe and critical studies on eighteenth-century literature.*

By JAMES SUTHERLAND

"REOPENING FOR BINGO. Her Majesty's Theatre at Carlisle, which was closed recently, is to be reopened for bingo."

As I was pondering J. H. Plumb's methods and merits as a historical writer, my eye strayed to the wastepaper basket beside my chair, and I read the above news item, which appeared in a recent issue of the London *Times*. If Dr. Plumb were to be reincarnated in 200 years' time and to resume his profession as a historian, this is just the sort of fact—small, symptomatic, and impregnated with significance for the social historian—that he would seize upon with delight. It would be tucked away in his memory, or more probably in his notebook; and in due course, supported by other factual evidence of the same tendency, it would be brought to bear upon his reconstruction of the England of 1963. The twenty-five scattered papers which he has republished in *Men and Centuries* almost all illustrate this selectively accumulative method of using contemporary evidence for the exposition of a historical situation or process. The results are sometimes brilliant and always instructive.

Allowing for certain differences, it is the method of Lord Macaulay. Like him, Dr. Plumb writes to be read by a wide general public who have probably little or no knowledge of his subject, and he has himself much of that talent which he attributes to Macaulay for reducing "a complex mass of fact and argument to a clear and lucid exposition." Moreover, he can arrest his reader's attention with a picturesque opening sentence. He begins his own account of the nineteenth-century historian in the best Macaulay vein: "On the day in November 1848 when the first volume of Macaulay's *History of England* appeared, Ludgate Hill was jammed with carriages struggling to get to Messrs. Longman in Paternoster Row."

The essays he offers us are assembled under three headings. In the short section on "African Studies" he gives us two fascinating accounts of the discovery of Western Africa and the search for the source of the Nile which are clearly based on wide and out-of-the-way reading. In the pieces on "Men and Books" the ghost of Macaulay rises again. Dr. Plumb's approach to such men of letters as Pope, Defoe, Fielding, and Goldsmith is biographical, and his rather slight discussion of what his authors wrote is subordinated to what they did and what sort of men they were. Again like Macaulay, he over simplifies his subjects (the essay on Pope is ominously entitled "The Dwarf of Genius"), and having decided what tune he is going to play he proceeds to plug it. His compressed account of Defoe's career does not allow him to be quite fair to Defoe's motives and circumstances. On the other hand, his essays on G. M. Trevelyan and Macaulay are among the best things in the book.

The longest section, "The Eighteenth Century Scene," is mainly devoted to studies in social history (*e.g.*, the Brighton Pavilion, the Grand Tour) and in biography (*e.g.*, George III, Josiah Wedgwood, the Earl of Chatham, the first Earl of Shaftesbury). The three papers on Walpole are no doubt chips from Dr. Plumb's workshop, but they contain much amusing information; it appears, for instance, that Walpole used to order 100 pounds of chocolates at a time, at a cost of about £17. I was convinced that this must be a misprint, and that England's first minister was not spending his days and nights eating chocolates but drinking chocolate; the same statement, however, is made on another page, and chocolates it seems to be. Dr. Plumb is one of those historians who believe that political biography is one of the best ways of arriving at historical truth and of making it known to the general public. Everything of that kind he has given us here justifies that belief.

He knows so much that I am glad to be able to tell *him* something. In his essay on G. M. Trevelyan he observes that *England Under the Stuarts* was unfavorably reviewed by "Professor C. Sanford Terry—whoever he may have been." Professor Terry held the chair of history in Aberdeen University. I was a student there over forty years ago and attended his lectures on eighteenth-century European history, which appeared to be an inextricable tangle of treaties and secret diplomacy, and which I found horribly dull. The article on him in the *Dictionary of National Biography* states that he was "an excellent and beloved teacher," but admits that he was "not greatly concerned with the ideas which gave rise to history, or with personalities." I see now why I found his lectures dull. I would much rather have sat at the feet of Dr. Plumb.

"All this will be yours someday!"

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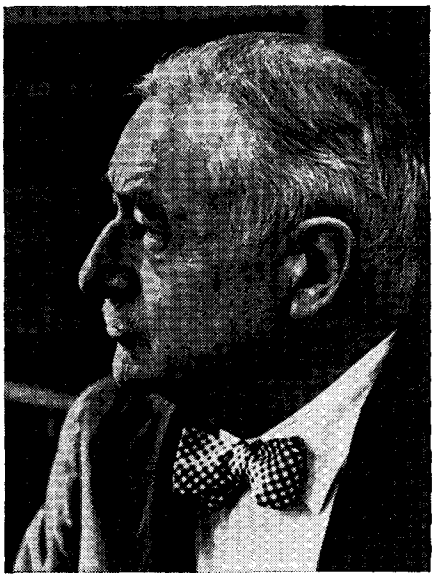
Say It with Symbols

The Magic and Mystery of Words, *by J. Donald Adams (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 117 pp. $3.50), expresses its author's commitment to the integrity of language. Books by Mario Pei, professor of Romance philology at Columbia, include "The Story of Language" and "Voices of Man."*

By MARIO PEI



J. Donald Adams—a praiser of times past.

IN HIS foreword J. Donald Adams disclaims all pretension to authority. He is not a scientist of language. He is merely a master of language. Seldom has it befallen this reviewer to go through a book more delightfully and elegantly written, with the power of words and word-combinations exploited to the full, and ideas representing a traditional but eminently sound philosophy clearly and forcibly expressed.

Like this reviewer, the author is a *laudator temporis acti.* He believes in the ancient moral code, in human decency and individual responsibility. Above all, he believes in the integrity of the language he uses as a medium, and does not hesitate to defend that integrity. Let others criticize his "value judgments" and uncompromising standards. So far as I am concerned, every one of his words falls like sweet music upon my ear, and I am at a loss whether to admire more his form or his substance.

The book has thirteen rather brief chapters, each of which is a separate essay and may be individually savored. The treatment ranges from the purely esthetic, as in "Beauty of Words," to the coldly scientific-historical, as in "Those Four-Letter Words," which is a devastatingly complete and utterly frank discussion of a field where even Webster's *Third International* fears to tread freely. Educators will be particularly interested in "The Art of Punctuation" and "Why Johnny Can't Spell," where the author places his finger on some very sore spots in our educational system. The religious-minded will be fascinated by "Embattled Words of the Bible." The closing chapter, "Words of Tomorrow," opens up some entrancing vistas to those who like to speculate about the future of our language. But this book can be unreservedly recommended to everyone, old or young, who has ever directed his conscious thought toward something we use unconsciously in all our waking moments.

Mr. Adams is among those who hold that there is intrinsic beauty or ugliness in words. (Is *cellar door* indeed attractive to the ear?) I have often thought that the only way to solve this question is to offer the words to speakers of another tongue who are altogether ignorant of their meanings. This we can occasionally do ourselves with place names, particularly those of Indian origin. Mr. Adams likes the sound of *Shenandoah;* I have always been fascinated by *Monongahela,* particularly as pronounced in Pittsburgh, while such names as *Passamaquoddy* and *Mauch Chunk* leave me cold. *Artaxerxes* and *Avesta* please my ear, but there is majesty in what they betoken. Is it fair of me to offer my readers the Russian *skazka* and *ptitsa,* the Japanese *yuki,* the Swahili *kumbembeleza,* leaving them in the dark as to their meaning?

Mr. Adams devotes an entire chapter ("A Shrewdness of Apes") to those strange words that are used (but, I fear, only by those in the know) to refer to groups of various animal species (a *covey* of quail, a *pride* of lions, a *watch* of nightingales). Here, and only here, I catch him in an inaccuracy, which may even be merely a misprint: it is not a *chowder* of cats (which would imply strange and unusual punishment for our feline friends), but a *clowder.* In "Sound and Substance," where certain initial consonant clusters are claimed to be associated with certain ideas, I wonder whether it is legitimate to describe words of such diverse origins and histories as *sturdy* and *stout* as "blood brothers," however much their present-day meanings and forms may be similar.

Not the least of Mr. Adams's merits, in my eyes, lies in his handling of items that are outside the field of language. Speaking of teen-age slang, he mentions "the addiction of that age group to the bastardized popular music of our era" and "those innumerable 'singers' who have so distorted the meaning of song." Elsewhere, "teen-agers today are treated as if they were an underprivileged minority, and their parents stand abashedly in awe of them." "Why must I suffer in print what I am freed from in life?" he inquires in connection with the addiction of some writers to the use of four-letter words for mere effect. He speaks of "such current menaces as the speed-reading craze . . . a fiendish effort to convert the human reader into some kind of IBM computer." The most effective shot of all, perhaps, is the query: "What will we do with the moon after we have set foot on it?" The earth is the one hospitable world we are likely to encounter. "Let man, then, redouble his efforts to improve it, instead of horsing around beyond its stratosphere."

Not all our readers will agree, and that is their privilege. But then, are not Mr. Adams and this reviewer entitled to have their say as well?

> WORDS are more important today than ever before, because men have become less united in their attitudes, and have increasing difficulty in understanding one another. . . .
>
> I suspect that one of the first steps necessary to getting ourselves and the world out of the mess we are in, is to become clear in our minds as to just what we mean by certain words, and also what other people mean, who use them in what may seem to us a quite different sense. I am thinking, of course, of words like *democracy, liberal,* and *conservative.* George Orwell may have hit on a profound truth when he assumed that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that some improvement might be brought about by starting at the verbal level.
>
> *—From "The Magic and Mystery of Words."*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Sutherland's Violetta, Tucker's Manrico

JOAN SUTHERLAND as Violetta will doubtless be a ticket-selling attraction for the Metropolitan, but this will be principally to those for whom her abilities as a vocalist will transcend her disabilities in most other aspects of the role. Where a singer has so much virtuosity at her disposal as Miss Sutherland, there are certain to be many moments of facility and brilliance, even amazement at the arches and parabolas of sound she launches. But they remain elements of a design rather than aspects of a characterization.

Let it be agreed that Miss Sutherland has improved as an interpreter of this music since she made the recording currently on sale. There has been some progress toward lightening the lower register and equalizing it with her brilliant top. The attack is surer and there is less sliding into a tone for purposes of "expression." But by contrast with the "women" she has interpreted here previously—Lucia, who is mad, and Amina, who is merely simple-minded—Violetta is a recognizable human being, with an emotional as well as a medical problem. Some director (Zefferelli, perhaps) has "given" her a plausible pattern of business to do—there was a burst of laughter here, a suggestion of despair there—but nobody can "give" her the ability to express either laughter or despair through the sound she makes with her voice. It is all, alas, too much the same.

Unlike some sopranos who find the first act an obstacle and the rest of the role a high road to a succession of dramatic climaxes, Miss Sutherland revels in the opportunities for florid excursion provided by "Ah! fors e lui" and "Sempre libera," adding a few curlicues of embellishment to those written by Verdi, up to and including a top E flat (it used to be forbidden to ordinary soprani at the Met). But once she left the vocal trapeze and came down to dramatic earth, Miss Sutherland's effort varied from blonde to bland. It has been said of the Italian tragedian Salvini that he could move an audience to tears by reading a menu; Miss Sutherland had much more than a menu to read in the famous fourth-act letter from Giorgio Germont, but it added very little to the urgency of the moment.

None of this, certainly, is for lack of effort or stint on work. But it is in the heart of Violetta, as it is in the blood of Verdi's music, to be mercurial, flushed, volatile, impassioned. Miss Sutherland does not much suggest these things by grace of nature, nor has she mastered the art to simulate them. Her dialogue with father Germont in Act II did not suggest heartbreak, present or imminent, and the angry scene with Alfredo in Act III passed merely as an opportunity for employing another shade of voice.

Much of Miss Sutherland's lack of conviction in this part stems from her inability, or at least her failure, to make the Italian words a meaningful part of the musical sound. When a singer fails

to make "Follie!" a reckless sound or "Imponete" a meaningful one, she is merely launching arcs and describing parabolas. All honor to her for the ease and security of her execution, but one throaty gasp of an Albanese, one honest excess of a Callas, one warming surge of a Tebaldi or de los Angeles, or a moment of coquetry by a Sayao conveyed more than Miss Sutherland does with her most melodious exterior decorating.

This was, otherwise, not a *Traviata* to dwell upon, for George Schick's tempi are as temperate as his general treatment of this score, Sándor Kónya must strain to produce Verdian legato from his non-Verdian voice, and Mario Sereni's Germont is more throaty than vocalizing should be. Russell Christopher won attention for the sturdy sound of Marquis d'Obigny in his debut.

By contrast, the first Manrico of Richard Tucker earlier in the week was a triumph of purposeful artistry over deficiencies of physical type and, even, vocal disposition. This is a role that many gifted tenors of the past have avoided or sung reluctantly—Caruso among them—but Tucker, from the eminence of artistic maturity, has surveyed the problem and plotted a course that brings him out on high ground last occupied by Jussi Bjoerling.

Largely speaking, *Trovatore* presents only one stretch of bravura singing by the tenor: "Di quella pira." In the acts before, Tucker fashioned one spiraling legato phrase after another, with abundant breath and an evenness of sound not often heard in this music. The climax in this respect was, as it should be, "Ah si ben mio," the cavatina preceding the third act's blazing finish. When he had demonstrated both the attack and the power to drive home the clinching top tone of "Di quella pira" in the chosen key (B, rather than C), the audience had the unusual experience of hearing both extremes of the role artistically accounted for.

A good deal of the pleasure provided by the balanced cast derived from the well-shaped playing of the score under the leadership of Thomas Schippers. In succession to his *Ernani* of last year, this showed him to be rapidly developing command of the low as well as the high points of early-middle Verdi. By denying the easy temptation to instant excitement and letting tension accumulate, Schippers gave his singers the opportunity they deserved to build their own characterizations accordingly. A particular apt instance was his restrained treatment of the ensemble halfway through the second scene of Act II. Everyone was actually *singing* at the same time, and not loud either. In consequence, the impact of the act's finale was substantially greater.

As Azucena, Irene Dalis is in vocal terrain very well suited to her, and she has the dramatic demands of the part firmly in hand. Leontyne Price began her Leonora somewhat thickly, but gradually asserted control of a beautifully slender, silvery sound in the wedding scene. Robert Merrill made di Luna a Count of much account.

OTHER good singing was heard during the week at Carnegie Hall, where Maria Stader illuminated a program of Haydn, A. Scarlatti, and Mozart by the Schola Cantorum. There was almost an agony of eloquence in her shaping of the soprano's phrases in the Kyrie (and, of course, "Et incarnatus est"), as if anything else would not justify her presence. Helen Vanni, Blake Stern, and Kenneth Smith were her associates. Stephen Simon made an earnest effort to produce a suitable frame for Miss Stader, but his technical limitations resulted in some oddities of balance and shrill trumpet sound in her solo cantata "Su le sponde del Tebro," by A. Scarlatti.

Adequate attention to the American of Massenet's *Hérodiade* may be reserved for another occasion. It should be noted, however, that Régine Crespin and Rita Gorr put the imprint of strong

(*Continued on page* 63)

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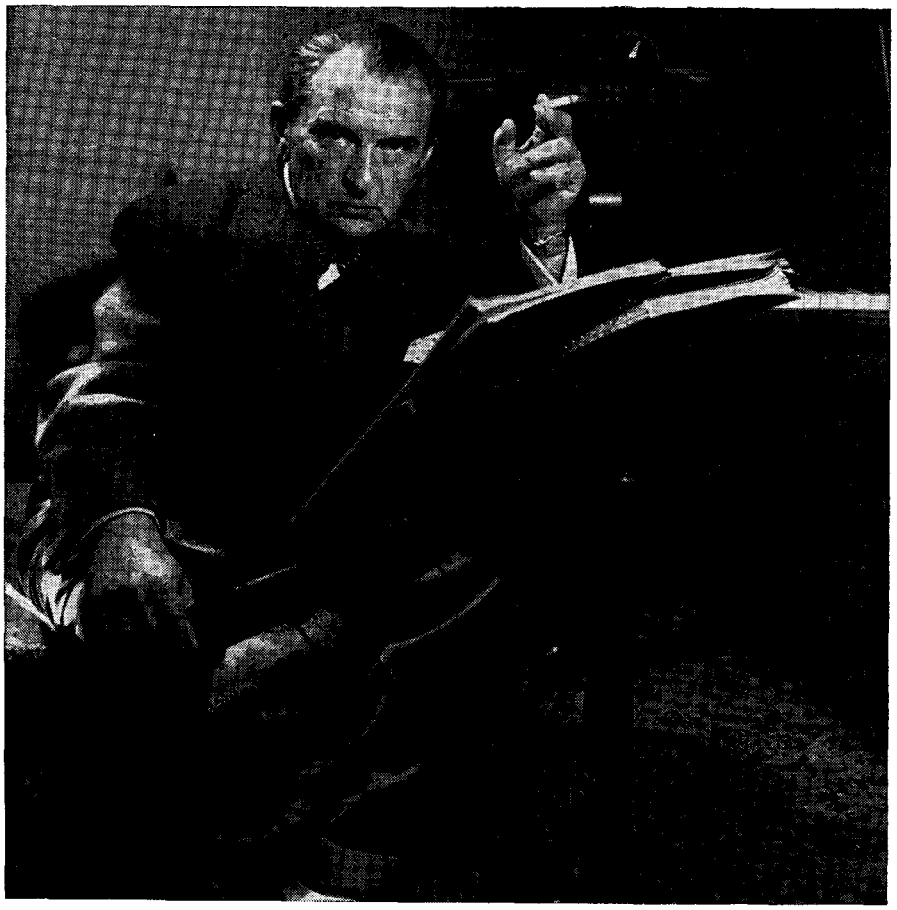

RCA Victor Photo

". . . the low music stand beside the desk with the indispensable metronome."

SR/RECORDINGS

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FRITZ REINER: IN MEMORIAM

By IRVING KOLODIN

SAY "Fritz Reiner" and the mind immediately conjures up the vision of a squat, assured figure on a podium, or, in these later New York years, adjusting himself at the conductor's desk in the opera pit, ready for an evening's work. One who observed this ritual many times at the Metropolitan passed the pertinent observation: "He reminds me of the Lunts on the stage. This is not only what he got up to do this morning; it's what he was born for."

Which is why, perhaps, Reiner didn't live to see his seventy-fifth birthday on December 18, 1963, expiring a few weeks before. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, which struck him as he was preparing a production of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* (it would have returned him to the Metropolitan after a decade's absence). For all that he was ailing and increasingly debilitated by a heart condition that caused his retirement last year from direction of the Chicago Symphony (to which he had given so much since 1953), it is quite conceivable that he might have lived on for some time, had he avoided such risk and guarded his strength. But the clear fact is that the first vision is the true one: Reiner's life was concentrated on a place before the orchestra, whether in the concert hall or the opera house, and it was a contradiction in terms to speak of such a "life" deprived of making music.

It is also a contradiction to speak of Reiner the musician without reference to Reiner the man. He was, more than most of his colleagues of whom I have knowledge, aware and interested in what was going on in the world. The ebb and flow of politics excited his mind; he sat in absorption before the television when the U.N. was seized by an important problem, when he was at home in Weston, Connecticut, and able to watch it. Few things on the world stage escaped his attention. But these were peripheral embellishments of the principal focus of his life, that thing which he got up each morning of every day of his mature life to do, or at least think about.

Not that I could really claim to have known Fritz Reiner well. Long, yes; well, no. I first became acquainted with the man (and his incredibly dynamic wife) a little more than thirty years ago, at a music festival in Venice. He was, of course, already a legend of the American musical scene for his years in Cincinnati, as guest conductor of the Philharmonic in New York during the winter and at the Lewisohn Stadium during the summer. The musically knowing were already well indoctrinated with his famous facility for drawing music from an orchestra with equal ease whether the work was Mozart or Strauss (Strauss even easier than Mozart). In Venice he directed a program of contemporary music whose particular high point was the first performance of Gershwin's Concerto in F, which most of the audience had never heard. Certainly, it was the first performance of such music by the orchestra of La Scala. Despite the inertia of

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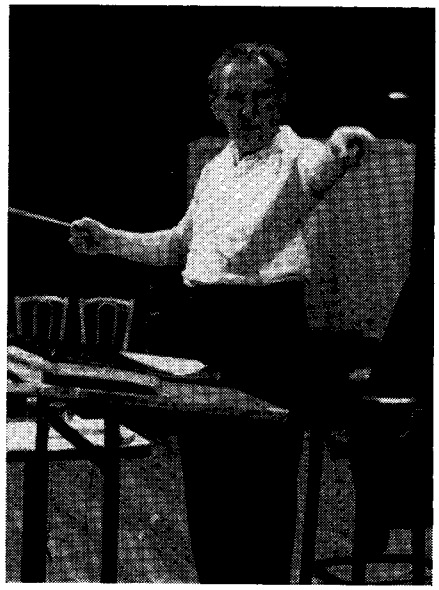
the players and the particular puzzlement of the trumpet player with the horn-in-a-hat solo of the slow movement, he so successfully conveyed Gershwin (the late Harry Kaufman was the able piano soloist) to the audience that it could not be quieted until the finale was repeated.

Had I known better then, I would have realized—as I do now—that rather than being irked by the problem of alien score and indigenous orchestra, it was the kind of challenge that Reiner relished. He has been quoted as saying that after a proper course of study with him, a student could stand in front of any orchestra in the world and cause it to respect his every wish by movements alone, with no need for verbal communication. Reiner was fluent in Italian, French, and German—being a Hungarian, he had to learn other people's languages because they couldn't speak his—but, had the orchestra been Patagonians, he could have made them play Gershwin as he wanted Gershwin to sound.

In those days it was conventional to praise the famous facility and faintly damn the musical results. "Reiner was facile," was the appropriate line, "but noncommittal." Obviously, this did not include those who had had the rare privilege of sitting in on any of the unforgettable operatic performances he gave in Philadelphia in 1934-35. By some miracle of persuasion, local sponsors had been found to underwrite—at the depth of the Depression!—the production of ten operas, with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the pit. Alexander Smallens did five, and Reiner the other five. The latter's portion included not only *Der Rosenkavalier*, with Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, and Emanuel List, but a memorable *Tristan*; a *Marriage of Figaro* in English with Maria Kurenko as the Countess, Dennis Noble as the Count, and other luminaries of the time; a notable *Meistersinger*, and a superior *Falstaff*. Here, it was clear, Reiner found in the problems of "the orchestra, singers' cues, concern for balance, diction, lighting, and what not" a cumulative task that absorbed all his vast powers. There was not merely commitment; there was communication.

Unfortunately, such demonstrations were denied to New Yorkers for a decade and more, while Reiner was absorbed with remaking the Pittsburgh Symphony and giving counsel to young conductors at the Curtis Institute. (However, it should not be forgotten that Reiner was in charge when the opera school of Curtis introduced the name of Gian Carlo Menotti to New York with *The Old Maid and the Thief* in 1937.) Of those who studied with him, Leonard Bernstein is, of course, the most celebrated. He has one memory of his schooling in which Reiner is crying out "Mengelberg!" as Bernstein went through a training chore. Flattered at the allusion to the famous Dutchman, Bernstein was deflated upon being told that it was because he stamped his foot on a down beat (he still does). Reiner took a certain pride in the success of Bernstein, but nothing inordinate. (Doubtless his interest meant much to a young student, but any lasting influence is hardly perceptible.) When he discovered that Bernstein was moonlighting in the orbit of Koussevitzky, he demanded that he make a choice. Or, as Reiner succinctly put it: "I threw him out."

Reiner in his studio—". . . abundant library of discs, in which his own were but a part."



". . . achieved not merely order, but distinction."

Draconian though this judgment was, it was no more incisive than his views of older, much more eminent colleagues. Hearing the Strauss of one praised in his presence, he queried: "How can he do *Rosenkavalier?* He doesn't speak German." Or, of another: "He is going to conduct opera? He doesn't play the piano." (To Reiner, long drilling of his ensemble from the keyboard was indispensable to a proper preparation, as it was also to Toscanini and still is to George Szell.) Or, of a third: "He doesn't even know how to give the downbeat for the scherzo of Schubert's C-major symphony." (Not to have mastered such a bit of digital dexterity was, to Reiner, a sign of amateurism.)

THE saving grace, of course, was that he was every bit as hard on himself—perhaps even harder—as he was upon those on whom he passed comment. All this past summer he spent hours peering through the score of *Götterdämmerung* as if he had never seen it before, though it was the same score he used when he had conducted the *Ring* in Dresden fifty years before. His reputation was such that when a participant in the Metropolitan's *Götterdämmerung* cast asked one who was supposed to know, "Will it be a fast *Götterdämmerung* or a slow *Götterdämmerung?*" the answer was: "I don't know, but it will be a precise *Götterdämmerung*." That "novelty," as the participant agreed it would be, never came to be.

The living testimonial to Reiner's professionalism was, and still is, the studio in which the *Götterdämmerung* score had the final place of honor, on the low music stand beside the desk with the indispensable metronome. A wing of the handsome French provincial home in which the Reiners had lived since the Thirties, it was lined on three sides (except for windows) with shelves containing the invaluable library of scores from which he had studied and performed for more than fifty years, plus letters and biographies and musical reference books in several languages. There were very few musical questions that could not be answered without leaving that room, either from the printed sources or the abundant library of discs in which his own were but a part.

Reiner's debut at the Metropolitan produced many memorable pleasures for audiences in the last years of Edward Johnson's management (he arranged it) and the first years of Rudolf Bing's (he profited from it), but it had other, more specific, benefits as well. Principal among these were the effects of his skilled hand and discerning ear on the orchestra. It was a canon of

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faith in his particular decalogue that an orchestra must be "kept in order," by which he meant that shortcomings were to be ammended by changes of personnel whenever possible, moral tone and spirit and discipline maintained by constant attention to detail. In no musical function is it more difficult for an orchestra to be "kept in order" than in a repertory opera theatre. The testimonial to his success in this respect was rendered earlier this fall when a tape of *Der Rosenkavalier* dating from a Metropolitan broadcast of the late Forties was brought to his attention. An uncharitable critic of his own effort, Reiner listened to it closely and finally observed: "I couldn't have asked to have it played better. I don't know an opera orchestra anywhere that could play it better today."

Like any man with divided affections, Reiner was not wholly happy conducting opera or conducting a symphony orchestra. (He grew up, musically, in Dresden, where a principal conductor did both.) When a question of preference is posed, it is conventional for a musician to say that he preferred the thing he was doing "at the time." But when the question was put to Reiner by Jay Harrison of *Musical America* (in perhaps his last interview), his answer was both unconventional and typical: "When I am conducting opera, I'd rather be conducting a concert; and when I conduct a concert, I'd rather be in the opera pit. It's been like that all my life. . . ."

CERTAINLY when the opportunity presented itself to resume symphony conducting in Chicago in 1953, it had a powerful appeal for Reiner. Five years of work in repertory opera had tempered stimulation with the limitations inherent in a relentless schedule of "repeats," cast changes, and unavoidable "emergencies." Sometimes, as when he presided over the debut of the unknown Roberta Peters as Zerlina, there was the satisfaction of launching a promising career. On other occasions, such as the one when he flashed a cue to a Hans Sachs only to discover that the performer was bending over to move a chair and the baton was pointed precisely at his posterior, the rewards were otherwise.

If there is a sense of civic pride in Chicago, there should be some more durable monument to Reiner's memory than the fine orchestra he left there (which may or may not sustain its present standard), or the tangible evidence of accomplishment in its recordings. For out of the chaos that prevailed when he took charge—a consequence of both internal and external uncertainty in the period following the retirement of Frederick Stock in 1941 after a tenure of nearly forty years—Reiner achieved not merely order, but distinction. From a position of prestige inferior to younger orchestras in smaller cities (meaning orchestras with smaller budgets) the Reiner-Chicago Symphony attained a standard close to the best in America, which means the best anywhere.

Ready for a spin with Arturo Toscanini (left) in the Italian lake country in the late Twenties. The car is one Reiner had imported from America.

To one who watched the transformation from afar, through records and broadcasts, with only an occasional "live" hearing, there or when the orchestra came East, the transformation was as much in Reiner as in the ensemble he conducted. There was no decline in the famous facility; if anything, it became more purposeful, concentrated, productive, as the purified sound of the playing spoke its own paean of praise for the guiding intelligence which had produced it. But there was, no longer, any occasion to question his involvement with the sense and meaning, the intent and expression of the music he conducted.

It would be conventional to say that, in these later years, Reiner "mellowed" or had discovered some philosophic truth in a Beethoven symphony or a Brahms concerto that he had not comprehended before. But it would not suit a man of such unconventional composition to burden him with a conventional apotheosis. I would say, rather, that what had been an amiable flirtation all his life with a muse that did his bidding at will came, latterly, to be a deep and abiding love. Never a sentimentalist, Reiner would be the first to reject so sentimental a summation. But ever a realist, he would be the last to reject the plain evidence that endures.

He will be remembered not only for what he did for music, but for what music did for him, as an enduring testimonial to its power to penetrate, to elevate, to ennoble.

Reiner Remembered (A list of recordings, neither exhaustive nor all-inclusive, of the conductor's outstanding accomplishments; all with the Chicago Symphony unless otherwise indicated): BARTOK: *Concerto for Orchestra*, RCA 1934; *Hungarian Sketches, Music for Strings Percussion and Celesta*, RCA 2374; BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7, "Fidelio" Overture*, RCA 1991; BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 1* with Artur Rubinstein, piano, RCA 1831; DVORAK: *Symphony in E minor ("From the New World")*, RCA 2214; HOVANNES: *Mysterious Mountain*, STRAVINSKY: *Baiser de la Fée, Divertissement*, RCA 2251; MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4* with Lisa Della Casa, soprano, RCA 2201; MOUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition*, RCA 2364; PROKOFIEFF: *"Lt Kije" Suite*, STRAVINSKY: *Song of the Nighingale*, RCA 2150; PROKOFIEFF: *"Alexander Nevsky"* with Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano, RCA 2395; ROSSINI: *Overtures*, RCA 2318; STRAUSS, JOHANN: *Waltzes, etc.*, RCA 2500; STRAUSS, RICHARD: *"Elektra excerpts* with Inge Borkh, soprano, RCA 6047*, Also *Sprach Zarathustra*, RCA 2609, *Don Juan*, RCA 2462, *Ein Heldenleben*, RCA 1870*.

**Mono only. All others available in both mono (LM) and stereo (LSC).*

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Russian Songs and Singers

By WINIFRED CECIL

WHAT MIGHT at first seem like a miscellany of song recordings, including one more excursion into the antique—all in all, a Russian potpourri—turned out to be not only a rewarding musical experience in itself but a too-long-delayed reminder of the fallibility of several widely accepted standards. From start to finish, listening to these recordings was a stimulating experience; in a real sense, a provocative excursion into a world which I wish I had known long since.

We have here (1) Angel's *Singers of Imperial Russia,* one of its more important additions to its "Great Recordings Of the Century" series, a selection of Russian operatic excerpts (and one song) recorded by six of Old Russia's foremost opera stars: Olimpia Boronat, Lydia Lipkovska and Antonina Nezhdanova, sopranos; Dmitri Smirnov and Leonid Sobinov, tenors; and Feodor Chaliapin, who needs neither identification nor comment; (2) *A Recital of Russian Songs* from London Records, an issue of new and old recordings of songs and one operatic scene, representing nearly all of Russia's better-known composers of the last century and a quarter, sung by mezzo-soprano, Oda Slobodskaya; and (3) Angel's *Songs of Glinka,* a recital of a baker's dozen of Glinka songs recorded by Boris Christoff, the esteemed Russian (?)—Bulgarian (?)—bass.

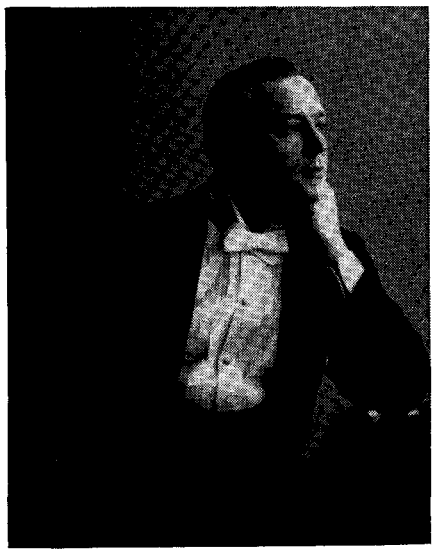
Excited by the extraordinary singing of artists of obvious stature, whose names and accomplishments were largely unfamiliar to me, I turned to handy references, i. e., Baker and Oxford, for some background information about them. Difficult as it is to believe, only two of these formidably able singers seem to have merited the notice of the sources' editors: Chaliapin by both, Christoff only by Oxford. Grove, of course, remains, but I am sure that, like me, other listeners will appreciate Angel's generous notes which accompany the *Imperial Singers* disc.

We hear much talk, but rather less demonstration, of singing in the "grand manner." Here we have it. Judged only by the aural evidence of this recording, Olimpia Boronat must have been an exquisite singer. Her "Qui la voce" (Bellini's *I Puritani*) is as aristocratic in concept and execution as any performance of the aria one is likely to hear; and her "Qui sola, vergin rosa"—"The Last Rose of Summer" to us—moved a quite unsophisticated listener in another room to tears. Antonia Nezhdanova's beautifully sung arias from Auber's *Fra Diavolo* and Rimsky-Korsakoff's *The Snow Maiden*—the latter alone worth the price of the recording—made me regret that, except for one venture to Paris to sing *Rigoletto* (with Caruso and Ruffo, please you!), she was adamant all her long life (1873-1950) against leaving Russia. Had she been less devoted to her own people, she would, unquestionably, have unsettled many an established operatic crown. Equally unquestionably, she would grace any Golden Age. If there are any stored-away Nezhdanova recordings comparable to the current release, let them be brought out soon. The whole world of music would benefit from their example.

INDEED, I would recommend that those who may labor under the belief that they are adequately acquainted with great singing to leave a space on their present roster of masters for at least two names to which this Angel recording can introduce them, i.e., Olimpia Boronat and Antonina Nezhdanova. Their singing would honor any company at any time.

Whether or not in life he could have matched Jussi Bjoerling, Leonid Sobinov's recorded performance of Lensky's second-act aria from Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* holds its own with Bjoerling's, which had the by no means negligible advantage of at least forty years' improvement in recording techniques. Sobinov also sings one of the present disc's five charming excerpts from *The Snow Maiden*, which, I find, was last produced hereabouts during the 1922-23 season. While the opera isn't likely to run *Aïda* or *Tosca* out of the popular repertoire, the score would seem to have enough intrinsic musical quality to warrant restudy by an enterprising impresario on the hunt for new productions. If his initial curiosity should be dampened by the opera's short life at the Metropolitan, let our hypothetical general director ask himself if there is any reason to assume that the intensity of interest, or lack of it, which prevailed in 1922, will persist into the more tolerant, more inquisitive and more impressionable culture of 1964-65. He may be sure that, whether or not the intervening four decades have addled hearing, they certainly have sharpened it so that, in effect, we have a new listening world. Worth consideration, anyway.

Lydia Lipkovska made a number of appearances in this country and, with tenor Dmitri Smirnov, was a member of the Metropolitan for a brief period before World War I. I heard her years later in Paris when she participated in



Leonid Sobinov—holds his own with Bjoerling.

Lydia Lipkovska—". . . recording fails to do justice."

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one of those recurrent Russian seasons at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, which, as I recall, alternated between exaltation and shock. In spite of my romantic memories of what I heard then, I must report, with regret, that I find her efforts as displayed on this recording rather less inspiring than those of her colleagues. May I be permitted to believe, in deference to youthful memory of Paris in spring, that the recording fails to do justice to the Lipkovska I heard?

IT is less easy to explain why Chaliapin's Galitsky excerpt from Borodin's *Prince Igor* is one of the less successful offerings here. The performance gives no suggestion of the magnificent Chaliapin presence; the organ-like voice, which must have been in its prime in 1911, when he made the original recording, lacks its famed luster and physical impact. Even if his fabulous artistic equipment had not made him unique among men, his vocal quality alone would have elevated Chaliapin above any competitor to be the first bass of our era. Fortunately, other recordings give closer approximation of the Chaliapin of legend.

The remarkably lifelike quality of this reissue overall, however, revives a question which I asked earlier this year. Readers may recall that in a review some months ago I took vehement exception to the current reissue of certain 1903 recordings by some of our turn-of-the-century opera stars on the ground that these early, experimental wax masters could neither record nor reproduce the artists' singing fairly; and, because of my personal acquaintance with Marcella Sembrich, who was one of the participants, I cited what we hear of her alleged performance as an example of the unhappy distortion about which I complained. Imagine my amazement when I discovered that Boronat's "Qui la voce" on this recording, which is quite live, has presence and leaves no doubt of the singer's superb equipment, was recorded in 1904, only a year later than the domestic recording which I criticized. Whereas Sembrich's "Ernani, involami" on the 1903 recording is no more than a shadowy, uncertain ghost of song, not at all true, Boronat's "Qui la voice", recorded only a year later, in 1904. It would distinguish her anywhere and still does so today. I am puzzled and troubled by such discrepancy, not, I emphasize, by the superiority of the European product—I respect excellence from any quarter—but by promotion which would foist examples of less good reproduction on the unsuspecting. Be sure that our faults have found us out.

I am told by those who have had the privilege of working with her in London that Oda Slobodskaya is a great teacher. *A Recital Of Russian Songs* leaves no doubt that hers has been a first-rate talent for a considerable time and that, like her compatriots whom we have been discussing, she belongs among the great singers. The first side of this disc consists of songs by Balakirev, Borodin, Gretchaninoff and Tatiana's Letter Scene from *Eugen Onegin*, all dubbed from old 78s. Whether or not Slobodskaya recorded all of these before she went to London—according to the jacket, in 1930—internal evidence suggests that she must have sung them for the gramophone some three decades ago, when her voice was closer to its finest estate than it was when she recorded the songs for the second side. Be that as it may, however, the voice was—and *is*—a naturally beautiful instrument: a mezzo-soprano (or contralto, or what you will in the ill-defined low voice category) with an extensive range, even in quality from end to end, big, with a resonance that would probably make it glow on any kind of recording. Slobodskaya seems to have been infinitely blessed. Her interpretations, both lyric and dramatic, are models of subtlety and power; no style seems beyond her penetration. Although, understandably, the voice shows some sign of age on the second side, recorded no later than 1961, I hasten to note that it shows none of misuse. Here we have Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff, Stravinsky and popular songs by Blanter, proof piled on proof of the singer's versatility; and what to me is the most telling manifestation of the singer's artistic scope: she herself speaks the introductions about the songs. The drama she creates with her speaking voice is tremendous. I find this the more extraordinary because it is seldom possible for one person to be equally convincing in speech and song. (How few singers can even announce an encore intelligibly!) Indeed, I can think of no woman who has so mastered both her speaking and singing voices that she could use them interchangeably without impairing the quality of one or the other. Yet Slobodskaya speaks an entire miniature play like the most brilliant actress of the dramatic theatre, makes it explode, moreover, from the gramophone, and then reconstructs the whole image in song in such thrilling fashion that I wondered which of the two means of expression I preferred. If there are imperfections in the performance, and I dare say that the later recordings show some, I neither remember them nor want to. In the presence of such high-powered musical magic, how could one hear flaws? The jacket names Ivor Newton, the eminent English accompanist, as Madame Slobodskaya's collaborator on some of her songs. Is it necessary to comment that he plays superbly?

So rarely heard that they are almost curiosities, the Glinka songs sung by Boris Christoff, with piano accompaniment by Alexandre Labinsky and cello obligatos by Gaston Marchesini, are welcome additions to the recorded literature. Like proper debutantes, the songs are presented handsomely by Christoff's well-schooled, wide-ranging bass, a voice that seems adequate for any requirement, from the melodramatic *The Midnight Review* an antecedent of Schumann's *The Two Grenadiers*) to the lovely, soft and impeccably sung *Cradle Song*. Yet, although Mr. Christoff sings with understanding and is generally impressive, except for these two songs and two others from *Farewell to Petersburg*, where he is altogether convincing, I sensed a decreasing intensity, a cooling of interest, maybe, and, as the record played on, wished more and more for the dynamic versatility which Slobodskaya's performances had just demonstrated.

Singers of Imperial Russia (Great Recordings of the Century)—Olimpia Boronat, Lydia Lipkovska and Antonina Nezhdanova, sopranos; Dmitri Smirnov and Leonid Sobinov, tenors; and Feodor Chaliapin, bass; in *Nightingale* by Alabiev and excerpts from *Eugen Onegin, Fra Diavolo, I Pescatori di Perle, Prince Igor, I Puritani, The Snow Maiden,* and *The Tsar's Bride*. (Original recording 1904-1924). Angel. COLH 129, $5.98 (mono only).

A Recital of Russian Songs—Oda Slobodskaya, soloist; accompanied by Ivor Newton, pianist, and London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Anatole Fistoulari; in songs by Balakirev, Blanter, Borodin, Gretchaninov, Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, and three folksongs. London, 5678, $4.98; stereo OS 25312, $5.98.

Songs of Glinka—Boris Christoff, bass; accompaniments by Alexandre Labinsky, pianist, and Gaston Marchesini, cellist; in "Ah, You Darling, Lovely Girl," "Cradle Song," "Do Not Say the Heart Is Sick," "Doubt," "Elegy," "'Grandpa!' The Girls Once Asked Me," "Hebrew Song," "How Sweet To Be With Thee," "I Remember the Wonderful Moment," "The Lark," "The Midnight Review," "What, Young Beauty," and "Where Is Our Rose?" Angel, 36133, $4.98; stereo S 36133, $5.98.

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Recordings in Review

The "Glory of Cremona"

DESPLANES: *Intrada.* NARDINI: *Larghetto.* VIVALDI: *Praeludium.* PAGANINI: *Cantabile and Waltz.* MOZART (arr. Friedberg): *Adagio.* KABALEVSKY: *Improvisation.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Melodie.* VERACINI: *Largo.* PARADIS (arr. Dushkin): *Sicilienne.* HUBAY: *The Violin Maker of Cremona.* HANDEL: *Larghetto.* SCHUMANN (arr. Kreisler): *Romance in A.* BRAHMS: *Hungarian Dances Nos. 17 and 20.* MENDELSSOHN (arr. Kreisler): *May Breeze. Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Leon Pommers, piano.* Decca DXE 179, $5.98; stereo DXSE 7179, $6.98.

BRUCH: *Concerto in G minor (introduction). Ricci, violin.* Decca 7-34172 (Comparison record included in above set).

For once a grandiose title does not overstate the content of a record album. For in these brief samples of violinistic art, Ricci performs on fifteen examples of the master craftsmanship that flourished in this particular part of Italy between 1560 and 1744 (give or take a few decades). The dates are derived from the earliest by Andrea Amati and the latest by Joseph Guarneri del Gesu (known as the "De Beriot"). Included are no less than six instruments by the peerless Antonio Stradivari, including the "Rode," the "Ernst" and the "Joachim" (named for the masters who used them), three others by Joseph Guarneri, as well as a Nicolo Amati, a Carlo Bergonzi, and a Gasparo da Salo, all from the collection of Rembert Wurlitzer and made available for this purpose by him.

Ricci—". . . a particularly apt choice for this undertaking."

Amid such riches, one can only aurally gape, as one might visually blink at the crown jewels of all the Russias. Producer Israel Horowitz has provided a proper frame for any comparisons one might wish to indulge by preserving all the details of reproduction unchanged throughout the sessions required to do this task. And Ricci has entered into the spirit of the venture not only by choosing a piece especially suited to each of the instruments, but by adding a single selection—the first measures of the Bruch concerto—played on all the instruments in turn (on a "Comparison record").

For the string enthusiasts, or for one merely interested in the finer nuances of sound whether instrumental or vocal, the results are equally absorbing. Ricci is a particularly apt choice for this undertaking, not only because he applies himself seriously and with all the artistry at his command to the pieces—some of them monumentally trivial—but also because the vividness of his performing personality evokes from each instrument a recognizably different response. Taking the "Spanish Strad" (a trumpet of an instrument on which he plays the Kabalevsky Improvisation) as a touchstone, it is possible to find the voice of the others rounder, flatter, firmer, fuller, richer, deeper, darker, lighter, broader, leaner, harder, stronger, softer, brighter—all within a close relationship of shining strength and outspoken beauty of sound. I can't say that the recording will gain with age, as the instruments themselves did, but this is clearly a disc to treasure for future enjoyment as well as for test purposes any time a new piece of equipment joins the household. Incidentally, Leon Pommers has met the challenge of partnership with so much glorious sound by continuously sonorous production from the piano.

Souzay's *Winterreise*

SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise; "Liebesbotschaft," "Kriegers Ahnung," "Frühlingssehnsucht," "Abschied," "Der Atlas," "Ihr Bild," "Das Fischermädchen," "Die Taubenpost"* (from *Schwanengesang*). *Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano.* Philips 510, $9.96; stereo PHS 2-910, $11.96.

Given the interest and the will, it would be quite possible for the Schubert fancier to compile a dream *Winterreise* from this and the two preceding versions by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hans Hotter that are currently available. If it would be easy to settle upon Fischer-Dieskau's "Gute Nacht" and "Lindenbaum" as irresistible and Hotter's "Wirtshaus" and "Leiermann" in a class by themselves, then Souzay could as rightfully claim the area about midway through the twenty-four, the sequence that begins with "Irrlicht" and concludes with "Einsamkeit," and also includes "Rast."

Souzay—". . . intelligence and artistry."

In this stretch of singing, Souzay makes beautiful use of his ability to darken the sound of his normally light voice; he also penetrates mood and atmosphere in evoking a sense of the wanderer's state of mind at this particular point of his journey. What I find lacking before (where his voice is no less suitable) and later (where it is definitely inhibited by lack of weight) is not so much want of breadth, but an absence of intensity. Given such a grip of the listener's attention, much else can be waived in tonal magnetism (the *Schöne Müllerin* of Aksel Schiøtz is an instance of this); without it, even a finer voice than Souzay's lacks appeal. For all his intelligence and artistry—and each is formidable—Souzay remains an ingratiating rather than an insinuating performer, who can attract our attention but cannot command it. It is the lack of these stronger psychic attributes that limits the meaning in his *Winterreise.*

Having said so much, it remains to be said that the eight songs from *Schwanengesang* contain some of the finest performances of Schubert to Souzay's credit, as well as one or two that are the equal of the best by anyone. Outstanding, certainly, is his realization of "Kriegers Ahnung," which he converts

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into a dialogue of mind and heart that is both imaginative and arresting, marvelously characterized by full voice and *mezza voce*. Similarly the vocal art that Souzay applies to "Der Atlas" is peerless, for all that, in the final analysis, it is heavy for him. In these, as in the preceding cycle, Baldwin is invariably a collaborator of sensitivity and beautifully flexible piano sound. The recording is a model of balance and clarity.

The Classic Trios

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in B flat, Op. 97.* BRAHMS: *Trio in B, Op. 8.* SCHUBERT: *Trio in B flat, Op. 99. Jascha Heifetz, violin, Artur Rubinstein, piano, and Emanuel Feuermann, cello.* RCA Victor LM 7025, $9.96; mono only.

In every sense but the proprietary, this pair of discs is as much a part of the *Great Recordings of the Century* as such others of that series as the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals trios, or the partnership of the Busches and Rudolf Serkin. However, through the circumstance that they were recorded in California in September, 1941—rather than in England or France—they are RCA rather than EMI property, and thus ineligible for inclusion in the honorary ranks of the Royal Grays.

This is, however, about the only honorary distinction to which they are not entitled. Whether as examples of the individual artistry of each performer, or of the submersion of personality to a common cause, they are among the happiest hours of music-making ever performed within microphone range. For those now in their twenties to whom the fame of Feuermann is wholly legendary (he died, after an operation, only a few months later in May, 1942), this release may serve further to illuminate why those who know him as more than the superb collaborator with Ormandy in the Philadelphia Orchestra's recording of Strauss's *Don Quixote* cherish him as a cellist second to none, Casals included.

It is perhaps the highest tribute to the men involved that if one were to come upon these performances without knowing who the players were, there would be no inclination to associate them with such masters of a personal style as Heifetz or Rubinstein. Out of the common purpose has been welded a common style which is essentially musical and impersonally compatible.

For those who may have known these performances on prior LP releases, it should be noted that the Brahms and Schubert are now combined on a single disc, and the saving thereby is appreciable. Aside from some inequalities of balance in the Brahms, where Rubinstein's piano is somewhat to the fore, the reproduction plays its own powerful part in the gratifying results.

Latest in Late Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets Opera 127, 130, 131, 132 and 135 (with the "Grosse Fuge," Opus 133). Amadeus Quartet.* DGG 18 537-540, $23.92; stereo 138 537-540, $27.92.

It is now slightly more than a dozen years since the Amadeus Quartet began to signify something more (internationally) than an ensemble of mostly Viennese musicians who had made some singularly suave and ingratiating recordings in England, their adopted home. As reported from the Holland Festival in *SR* of July 7, 1951, the mingled backgrounds of the players had "seasoned Viennese sweetness with a little tart brusqueness and given to finesse a robustness by no means common."

In the years since then, the Quartet has become known to American visitors on a series of tours (one is now in progress) and broadened its penetration in depth of the quartet literature to include not only the Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert, for which it was originally admired, but also the works of Brahms and Beethoven. Having attained the midpoint of a typical quartet's life span—twenty five years, from obscurity to senescence—the group has worked its way steadily through the sixteen quartets of Beethoven to confront, now, the challenge of challenges, the last five.

As was all too accurately predicted in the progression from Opus 18 to Opus 59 and beyond, the broadening of span and scope in the music has not been matched by a similar expansion in the power and resource of the playing. Indeed, the group is still working with much the same tools it commanded a decade ago: Norbert Brainin's honey-sweet first violin sound and a body of ensemble tone necessarily in proportion to it. These tools are adequate for certain of the sections of extended lyricism in these works—the slow movements of Opus 127 and 130, for example—but they are scarcely tough enough, sufficiently well-honed, or possessed of the incisive edge to carve something individual out of the others.

I had thought that the A-minor (Opus 132), with its *Heilige Dankgesang*) and prevailingly lyric temper, would rise and shine in the life-giving flow of Brainin's melodic feeling, but it, too, is small of scope and limited in dynamic design to match the amplitude of Beethoven's thought. There have, in the past, been quartets that favored an intimate style and yet combined it with the vision to suit the musical vistas of these works—the French group headed by André Capet was one—but the Amadeus's playing does not qualify as one of those. Even in the F-major, Opus 135, which is written with a relatively light hand, the players seem to be striving for an earnestness of style that is beyond them.

As for the C-sharp minor, or the *Grosse Fuge* (which is appended to the finale of Opus 130 which supplanted it), the beating of wings is apparent enough, but not the miracle of musical flight.

As always, the execution is immaculate, the musicianship as sophisticated as it is subtle. But these are but the beginnings of virtue in a literature in which subtleties are common, and sophistication is hardly more than a precondition for quality results. The reproduction is beautifully even through its range, and perfectly balanced.

"Dominique, nique, nique"

SOEUR SOURIRE: *Dominique; Entre les Etoiles. The Singing Nun.* Philips 319 828, $.98.

It is historical fact that popular styles of composition have been appropriated for churchly purposes, but it is a rarity to have it happen right, so to speak, before one's ears. The phenomenon is contained in this pair of chansons originating in the Belgian monastery at Fichermont, where the Dominican nuns provide a retreat for young women. The desire of their guests to carry the songs with them when they went back to the world caused an informal recording to be made, with the scarcely expected results of a place on the Hit Parade, a showing of the sisterhood in the Ed Sullivan show, and income beyond the dreams of opulence.

The moving spirit of the group is thirty-year-old Sister Luc-Gabrielle, who has become known as "Soeur Sourire" for the composition of the best-known items. Contrary to all expectations, *Dominique* is a light-footed one-step in praise of the founder of their order, sung by five voices to the twang of a swinging guitar; *Entre les Etoiles* a chansonette promising "Among the stars the Lord has written your name" and sung by Sister Luc-Gabrielle to her own playing of the guitar. Strange, wonderful, delightful.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in B flat; *Leonore* Overture No. 2. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG LPM 18742 $5.98; stereo SLPM 138742, $6.98.	Unlike other recent Furtwängler issues from DGG, this is not described as a *historische Aufnahme* and lacks a date of recording. Presumably then, it is a product of the Fifties, that has not been previously issued in this country. Of particular interest is the meticulously prepared, strongly sustained performance of the *Leonore* No. 2, which shows the artistry of Furtwängler at its most impressive. The, performance of the Fourth Symphony is imposingly solid, spaciously planned and executed. It is mainly orthodox in pace and emphasis, distinguished by some slower-than-customary preferences in the speed of the second subject of the first movement and the trio of the menuetto. The recording is typical of its time, meaning that it lacks the definition of today's techniques.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 8. Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Munich Philharmonic Orchestra. Westminster XWN-2235, $9.96: stereo WST-235, $9.96.	The credentials of Knappertsbusch for conducting Bruckner are not only implicit in his identification with Wagner, but previously demonstrated in his direction of the Third and Fifth Symphonies for London. Here he matches well the standard of Karajan and Van Beinum in this work up to (but not including) the finale, which proceeds not merely at the leisurely pace one expects from him, but with a want of tension or sustained line that one doesn't expect. Also, as the work accumulates, it becomes apparent that the Munich Philharmonic does not deliver the quality of sound to match Karajan's Berlin Philharmonic collaborators or Van Beinum's Concertgebouw. Dull, unalive sound.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 89 and 90. Laszlo Somogyi conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Westminster XWN 19043, $4.98; stereo WST 17043, $4.98.	Even for the indoctrinated Haydn-fancier, these works are likely to be *terra incognita*, lying as they do between the much-played No. 88 and the *Salomon* twelve which begin with No. 93. The scrutiny made possible by this, on the whole, well-tempered effort shows an even division of quality—one, No. 89, which is of average Haydn quality (parts are derived from a concerto for "lira" reviewed in *SR* February 23, 1963) and one, No. 90, which has the sparkle and sentiment of his art at its best. These qualities are not so concentrated here as in his greatest masterpieces, but they are sufficiently evident to make No. 90 an obligatory part of a proper Haydn collection. Somogyi shows himself thoroughly practised in the orchestral values appropriate to Haydn and skilled in conveying them to the musicians with whom he is working. Soundwise, excellent.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 33 and 39. Istvan Kertesz conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CM 9354, $4.98; stereo CS 6354, $5.98.	Despite its unpromising number (save for those who know the No. 31 *Paris* as one of authentically great works), No. 33 is a gem of a work—many-faceted, sparkling, precious—everything that a gem should be. It shows the twenty-three-year-old Mozart in one of his consistently exhilarated moods, with a quantity of contrapuntal movement in the first and last movements infrequently heard before the *Jupiter* (his last) symphony. To Kertesz's credit, he rises to the challenge of this work with a sophistication and verve that give him a higher cachet among conductors of his (post-war) generation than some more celebrated names. To be sure, he has the inestimable resource of the Vienna Philharmonic at his disposal, but that can be dissipated, too, as others have demonstrated. (It is interesting, in the context of the *Jupiter*, to note much of the same kind of theme as Mozart used in its fugal finale in the first movement of this work.) No. 39, which is both easier and harder to do than No. 33—it is better known to the orchestra but contains much more that must be revealed—is brilliantly achieved by Kertesz. In all, a disk whose testimonial to talent is both wide-ranging and pervasive. It also marks a subtle but noticeable advance in recording of the Vienna Philharmonic.
Rachmaninoff: Concertos Nos. 1 and 4. Philippe Entremont, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 5917, $4.98; stereo MS 6517, $5.98.	Those whose appetite for Rachmaninoff is king-sized will find this double serving of the "other" concertos gratifying in quality and abundantly attractive in combination (they do not appear together on any other LP of recent date). Others, however, are apt to find it easier to resist, not so much because they digress from the style of Nos. 2 and 3, but rather because they adhere so closely to it. This is no indictment of Entremont's musicianly qualities, which are invariably understanding, or his artistic impulses, which are constantly elevated. However, his pianistic personality is a little reticent and soft-spoken to provide the oratorical accent which can, alone, overcome the lack of individuality in the music. Ormandy's long identification with Rachmaninoff included collaboration with the composer in these same works, and the orchestral statement throughout is powerful. Very good reproduction of both solo instruments and ensemble.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2. Leonard Bernstein conducting the Stadium Concerts Symphony Orchestra. Decca DGM 3213, $5.98. (mono only).	A product of Bernstein's pre-Philharmonic period (1954), this re-issue in Decca's *Chronicle of Music* series affirms his long-standing affinity for the work of Schumann, generally, and this symphony, particularly. It is a zestful, beautifully modulated transference to the orchestra of his own enthusiasm, responded to in kind. Resonance is not the prime characteristic of the space in which the recording was made, but the orchestra sounds somewhat better in this processing than it did originally. The annotations and carding provisions have a more than casual resemblance to the procedures of DGG's *Archive* series. Whether it will sustain such scholarship, otherwise, remains to be seen.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Otti Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36141, $4.98; stereo S-36141, $5.98. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Philips *PHM 500-020*, $4.98; stereo *PHS 900-020*, $5.98.	There is very little that is competitive in these performances save their appearance concurrently. Klemperer's procedure is to view the first three movements with restraint and something like understatement, reserving drama, even animation, for the finale. This makes for a rousing climax, especially as the Philharmonia plays well for him. Sawallisch strives mightily to impart strong character to each of the movements in turn, succeeding best in the *andante cantabile* and the finale. As yet, however, he does not command either the lyricism or the intensity to make a cumulative experience of the work as a whole, in the manner of Monteux, for example. And surely there is more richness in the sound of the Concertgebouw Orchestra than comes to the ear in some of his hard-driven climaxes. The Philharmonia reproduction is notably good in this respect, the Philips inclined to favor the high range at the expense of the low.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (*Pathétique*). Dean Dixon conducting. Everest 6115, $4.97; stereo 3115, $5.97.	In the years since he has been living and working abroad, Dean Dixon has broadened his command of orchestral resources, sharpened his tonal sense and, in general, added much to his abilities as a conductor. This *Pathétique* is not the smoothest in texture or the most compelling in substance one could hear, but it is steadily, pervasively musical, with a notable lack of pomposity or exaggerated emotionalism. He also gets very good results, tonally, from his orchestra, although someone should make it clear to Everest that "conducting Rundfunk Symphony Orchestra," as Dixon is billed, is not merely ungrammatical but non-informative. As *Rundfunk* merely means Radio, the absent facts are: Which radio orchestra? Where? The reproduction is excellent.
Weber: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2. Lausanne Chamber Orchestra conducted by Victor Desarzens. Westminster XWN 19034, $4.98; stereo WST 17034, $4.98.	Weber was barely finding himself as a composer when he wrote these works in 1807, and his glance was still backward rather than forward. But there is every indication that he might have created symphonic works of individuality and power had he not found a fuller expression for his talents in opera. For all their limitations of intent, both works—and especially the second—have a sense of design, contrast, and culmination that confirm his disposition as a symphonist. The orchestra directed by Desarzens is just about large enough to deal with their tonal requirements, and his direction is deft, perceptive, and tasteful. He also manages to seek out the values in the works which are prophetic of the Weber-to-come, without overstressing them. —Irving Kolodin.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Nice Little Numbers

THIS season of luxurious packaging often forcibly reminds us that all that is gift-wrapped is not gold. I am very far from being the first to call attention to the fact that one of the penalties we pay for the spaciousness of the LP record is lack of discrimination on the part of many who determine its contents. When you can put fourteen numbers by Julien St. Violette and his Lake Ponchartrain Creole Club Serenaders on a single disc, it is a great temptation to put them there (and often in the name of scholarly completeness), whereas the truth may be that only one or two of the items is musically worthwhile. Anyone familiar with jazz knows that the value of the music depends heavily on such variable factors as a) what thematic material was being used, b) who exactly were playing on the date, and c) how were *they feeling at the time?* But if Julien St. Violette, or any other leader, acquires a sufficient reputation, it is only a question of time before the record producers will leap for anything he superintends; some years later, the discographers will take over with their passionate pedantry (I may say that I owe them more than I will ever be able to repay); and presently we will be treated to everything St. Violette ever did—good, bad, or unbearable.

This is all very well in its way—I am not obliged to ransack the Arthur Hugh Clough shelves of the Widener Library—but it does make difficulties for the record reviewer who is limited as to space and time. He does not wish to recommend an LP record, a fairly expensive article, to his readers on the strength of finding one track out of seven irresistible, while the other six are only so-so. Thus he is inclined to save his published support for those LPs which are largely or entirely appealing.

Currently, this column is devoted to a few special delights I have had in the course of playing LPs that seem to me to be considerably short of high overall value. Let us begin with *Mongo at the Village Gate* by Mongo Santamaria and his Band (Battle BM 6129). Here is a nine-piece Afro-Cuban combination with power and assurance, including a percussion quartet of rattling vitality centered by Santamaria himself. The thematic materials on the whole seem to me to be rather commonplace Latin-Americana, but suddenly the band wafts the listener into a lovely, melancholy beguine, "The Morning After," written by its pianist, Rodgers Grant. The cymbals of Frank Hernandez recall the surf on a distant beach, trumpeter Marty Sheller plays a tenderly ornate solo, and the beguine rhythm is sustained in as delicate and persuasive a fashion as I can remember. Page Cole Porter.

And while we are in the Latin American atmosphere, there is an LP *Vince Guaraldi—In Person* by the pianist of that name, with Fred Marshall, bass; Benny Velarde, scratcher; Eddie Duran, guitar; and Colin Bailey, drums (Fantasy 3352). Here the Latin-American themes are scarcely outstanding, save for the classic "Miserlou," but Guaraldi plays with such grace and strength (not forgetting the sustaining pedal) that the program is entirely winning. Moving well north of the equator, incidentally, he varies his bill with admirable versions of "Green Dolphin Street" and Fats Waller's charming "Jitterbug Waltz."

Next, I come to Clancy Hayes. It is the fashion in some of the more austere jazz circles to asperse this vintage jazz singer with his ragtime spirit. But Clancy sings the old songs with syncopated gusto and command, and I have an idea that this is an exceedingly durable form of expression. *Clancy Hayes: Swingin' Minstrel* (Good Time Jazz, M 12050) he offers among other things the best "Oceana Roll" I can recall, as well as a wonderfully explosive version, with scat chorus, of "Ain't She Sweet," and he is accompanied by expert small combinations featuring pianists Ralph Sutton and Jess Stacy.

Finally, there is Duke Ellington. If his celebrated name seems strange on this list, I have my reasons for introducing it. There has recently been a good deal of hyperbolic writing about Ellington's virtues as a jazz pianist. He has now issued an LP, *Piano in the Foreground* (Columbia CL 2029), consisting simply of himself at the piano, with his bass player, Aaron Bell, and drummer, Sam Woodyard. I think that if it had been released under several pseudonyms, many of his most articulate admirers would have failed to identify the artist at work in certain of the numbers. They have extreme variety. There is full, handsome, ballad playing, and delicate, single-finger-style invention, and a romantic and delectable meditation called "Fontainebleau Forest," which has nothing to do with jazz rhythm. This LP, so far as I am concerned, only gives further proof that Ellington is less a master jazz pianist than an exceedingly fertile musi-

cian who has used his piano to teach and inspire that remarkably cooperative and contributive group of instrumentalists known as his band. In one track on the disc, "It's Bad to be Forgotten," you can hear the Ellington piano sketch out a whole brilliant concept for the Ellington band. And, like many sketches, this one might conceivably prove more bewitching than the finished work. —WILDER HOBSON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Equestrianism. 2. Harlequinade. 3. Sesquicentennial. 4. Sesquipedalian. 5. Unquestionable. 6. Quintessential. 7. Sequestration. 8. Inconsequential. 9. Acquiescent. 10. Requirements. 11. Equipotentially. 12. Equivalence.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J. C.: Duets in F and A. Bach, J. S.: Concerto in C. Bach, W. F.: Concerto. Rafael Puyana and Genoveva Galvez, harpsichordists, with Newell Jenkins conducting the Clarion Concerts Orchestra. Mercury MG 50 322, $4.98; stereo SR 90 322, $5.98.	Miss Galvez has no prior public identity known to me, but she more than supports a teacher's faith in these collaborative efforts with Puyana. Not all the material is up to the durable quality of the C-major Concerto, which is well known in the performance of duo pianists, but it is, in the J. C. Bach material, very close to it. Whatever the character of the material, Puyana's response is invariably invigorating, as much for the animation of his mind as the discipline of his fingers. He shows his taste, too, not only in the execution of the written text, but also in the provision of the *Eingänge* (or cadenzas) for the J. C. Bach duos. Completing a disc of uncommon appeal are the well-shaped orchestral direction of Jenkins, the brightly resonant sound of the harpsichords, and the brilliantly clear reproduction of the whole.
Brahms: *Liebeslieder* and *Neue Liebeslieder* Waltzes. Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Raili Kostia mezzo-soprano; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; and Eberhard Waechter, baritone. Erik Werba and Günther Weissensborn, piano. DGG 18 792, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138 792, $6.98.	For most of the length of the *Liebeslieder* side, the vocal quartet and its four-hand pianists provide a plausible replacement for the version on Capitol (which had such fine singers as Elsie Morison, Richard Lewis, Donald Bell, and Marjorie Thomas in partnership with duo-pianists Vronsky and Babin), now inexplicably deleted. However, on the *Neue Liebeslieder* side the more soloistic pattern of the writing reveals all too clearly the present vocal uncertainty of Seefried and the hard-toned, essentially Germanic production of Kmentt. This leaves the the excellent entity Werba-Weissenborn as the sole consistently dependable factor, which is not quite enough. In passing, it might be noted that Waechter does not sound nearly as supple and lyric in this as he did originally.
Cherubini: Requiem in D minor. Igor Markevitch directing the Czech Philharmonic and Male Chorus. DGB LPM 18 795, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138 792, $6.98.	In the whole range of solemn ceremonials, Cherubini's D-minor Requiem is one of the most eloquent, as well as very close to his own masterpiece. The style is both reserved and lofty in its simplicity, a distillation of long compositional experience before he undertook it in 1836, at the age of seventy-six, six years before the end of his life. The deep richness of the male chorus is complemented by the full, broad sonority of the instrumentation. All the elements are held firmly in hand by Markevitch, who weaves one strand into the other with sure skill to produce a texture both sensitive and satisfying. It is warmly recommended as a powerful complement to the earlier C-minor Requiem of which a Toscanini recording has long been celebrated. Markevitch, of course, benefits from contemporary techniques very well employed.
Giordano: "Un dì all'azzurro spazio" and "Come un bel dì di Maggio" (*Andrea Chenier*). Mascagni: "O Lola" and "Addio alla madre" (*Cavalleria*). Leoncavallo: "Vesti la giubba" and "No, Pagliaccio non son!" (*Pagliacci*). Verdi: "Come rugiada al cespite" (*Ernani*); "O tu che in seno agli angeli" (*La Forza del Destino*); "Di quella pira" (*Il Trovatore*); and "Dio mi potevi scagliar" and "Niun mi tema" (*Otello*). Giovanni Martinelli, tenor. RCA Victor LM 2710, $4.98, *mono only.*	Thanks to the recently celebrated Golden Anniversary of Martinelli's Metropolitan debut, this stirring compilation of arias recorded between 1915 (the *Ernani* excerpt) and 1939 (the *Otello* scenes) will provide contemporary listeners with a more vivid conception of this fine artist's power and vocal mastery than has been available for some time. It is hard to think of any contemporary tenor who could summon either in the measure to venture comparison with Martinelli's "Improvviso" from *Andrea Chenier* or "Vesti la giubba," to mention but two. Also included are the Racconto from *Bohème* and two excerpts from Giordano's *Fedora*: "Amor ti vieta" and "Mia madre." The processing throughout is much to the advantage of an improved sound.
Mahler: *Revelge, Das irdische Leben, Lob des hohen Verstandes, Rheinlegendchen, Der Schildwache Nachtlied, Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? Verlor'ne Müh, Der Tambourg'sell, Trost im Unglück, Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen, Des Antonius von Padua, Fischpredigt, Lied des Verfogten im Turm,* and *Urlicht.* Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; and Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; with Felix Prohaska. Vanguard VRS 1113, $4.98; stereo VSD 2154, $5.95.	In renewing its franchise on these excerpts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn,* Vanguard has not only affirmed the enthusiasm for Mahler expressed in the prior issue (VRS 412-413) but also taken advantage of improved techniques since 1951 to reduce the prior two-record issue to a single disc. It has also gained in quality of vocal sound, though neither Rehfuss nor Miss Forrester are quite as probing in the performance as were Alfred Poell and Lorna Sydney. This is more conspicuously the case with Miss Forrester, whose disposition to revel in the unquestionably superb sound of her voice reminds one of certain violinists who are more enamored of the tone they produce than the meaning it conveys. Rehfuss is almost always at the heart of what he sings, though Poell had a glowing kind of sincerity that communicates itself from the earlier issue still. Prohaska's conducting is as good as before, the quantity of orchestral detail vastly larger, of course.
Respighi: *Io sono la Madre, In alto mare, Nebbie, Invito alla danza, Venitelo a vedere 'l mi' piccino, Mattinata.* Castelnuovo-Tedesco: *La Pastorella, Ninna Nanna, La Ermita de San Simon.* Debussy: *Le Faune, La Mer est plus belle, La Chevelure, Aquarelle.* Faure: *Nell, Clair de lune, Vocalise, Noël.* Eileen Farrell, soprano, with George Trovillo, piano. Columbia ML 5924, $4.98; stereo MS 6524, $5.98.	Miss Farrell adapts her operatic tonal production beautifully to the needs of these songs, except in the more restrained of them (*Nebbie, Ninna Nanna,* and the *Vocalise,* in which the portion of the sound utilized approaches a microphoned crooning effect). She also makes a substantial success of converting her performing personality to the varied needs of the material, whether the sentiment is the outspoken sort of the Italian songs or in the more restrained French manner. In the latter, her enunciation of the texts is hard to make out, possibly because of a concentration on vowel sounds at the expense of the clarifying consonants. Trovillo is characteristically excellent, as on previous collaborations with Miss Farrell. Proper balance is one of several virtues in the reproduction.
Schütz: *Weihnachtshistorie.* Hans-Joachim Rotzsch, tenor; Herta Flebbe, soprano; and Hans-Olaf Hudemann, bass; with vocal and instrumental ensemble directed by Wilhelm Ehmann. Cantate 640 201, $5.98; stereo 650 201, $6.98.	Either as a seasonal ceremonial or more year-round reflective listening, the carefully wrought, deeply expressive setting of the Nativity text is equally appealing. As an introduction to Schütz, it is all the more illuminating for its perfection of utterance—in 1664, a score of years before the birth of either Bach or Handel. It clearly sets forth the narrative style of the Evangelist as later expanded and intensified by Bach. Indeed, it is very likely that Hans-Joachim Rotzsch, who performs that function here, would do well in the similar requirements of the St. Matthew Passion. Authenticity extends to the use of baroque violins and wind instruments, and a well-sounding positiv organ. The reproduction is admirably distinct.
Verdi: *Aida* excerpts. Birgit Nilsson, soprano; Grace Hoffman, mezzo-soprano; Louis Quilico, baritone; and Luigi Ottolini, tenor, with Covent Garden Orchestra conducted by John Pritchard. London 5798, $4.98; OS 25798, $5.98.	This falls between all the possible stools, being neither solo recital, dramatic summary, nor composite of scenes. "Ritorna vincitor," "Fu la sorte dell'armi a 'tuoi funesta" of Act II, elements of the Nile Scene, and the final duet are included. For her partners Miss Nilsson draws a better than average Amonasro (Quilico), a good Amneris (Hoffman), and a dreadfully limited Radames (Ottolini), the whole under the mostly sluggish direction of Pritchard (the whole including a smallish-sounding orchestra and a tight little group of choral voices). Thus, what there is to describe affirmatively is a well-controlled "Ritorna vincintor" in Miss Nilsson's coolly calm manner, a fine duet in the Nile Scene, and a mostly crooned version of "La fatal pietra." For Nilsson fanciers only, and only for the fanciest of those. —I.K.

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Behind the "Pilsener" Curtain

By OLIVER DANIEL

UNLIKE the Poles, Italians and Japanese—and for that matter, our own bright avant-garde—the Czechoslovakians seem to be trapped in a stagnant puddle of dated regionalism and officially decreed folklorism. Like their Soviet equivalent, their music seems to be directed esthetically to the lowest common denominator.

In the continuing series of recordings released by Supraphon (*Musica Nova—Bohemia et Slovenica*) one encounters works by many composers quite unknown to us here—the singular exception being a recording of *The Parables* by Martinu. Such names as Pavel Borkovec, Jaromir Podesva, Miloslav Kabelac, Milos Sokola, Klement Slavicky, Svatopluk Havelka and Vaclav Dobias are new. Their music is well written; it is basically conventional, regional, and attractive. In some measure it is analogous to much of what was produced here in America at a time when a kind of musical-postcard nationalism was admired.

The program notes which accompany their works emphasize various regional differences in their musical idiom, a subtlety hardly appreciable by us. Our Czech informants tell us that Klement Slavicky saw clearly the nature of Moravian music: the rules governing its melody, the implied harmony, the shape of the phrasing, and the form of structure. We are advised that Milos Sokola, also of Moravian origin, is really a composer of great ingenuity. To us, his music is both dull and quite inconsequential. We may even enjoy being a bit detached from such informative quips about a final chord embodying the composer's thoughts as he meditated on the first notes of his mother's lullabies which brought him to "the very threshold of life."

The music of Desider Kardos is recognized as being "firmly rooted in his own national environment," and he is praised for being a respecter of "home traditions" and being "inseparably bound with the wealth of folk musical culture." All of this, while quite in line with Hitlerian esthetes, is equally extolled by the Soviet liberators.

Vaclav Dobias, represented in this series by a Symphony of heavenly (Lenin, forgive us) length is, in the Czech scheme, somewhat the equivalent of the cultural, whip-cracking Krennikov in Russia. He came to Canada a few seasons ago for an International Composers' Conference to expound some of his homegrown, party-line theories, remarking that "in this century when technology has brought continents closer together, when the means of communication may reach, practically at the same time, people all around the world, it is strange how long various systems, such as quarter-tone music, have been limited to a closed circle of people. Is it not reasonable to suspect that there is something not quite right in this music?"

About his music let us be quickly and embarrassingly frank: it is obvious, derivative, and vulgar, but competently written. There are dozens of hack writers on the Hollywood scene who are his musical equivalents, minus his pretensions and position. But Dobias is important. He hums the tune and others follow.

While there is nothing wrong in delving into folk mores for inspiration and subject matter, restricting oneself to such a pattern is foolishly limiting. We have had our own exponents: Copland, Thomson, Schuman, Harris, and others. But their music has not ended there. Not so, it seems, with their Czech kith. Dobias studied with Alois Haba who, like Ives, was a quarter-tone enthusiast. But his influence on Dobias was minimal. By 1945 he seems to have reached "a new understanding of the social function of music," and he began to promote mass singing of works which were "the property of the whole nation." We are informed that "the contents of his cantatas remind us of war events; one sings of the heroic Stalingrad Battle, another of the last days of war when the Red Army received the order to liberate 'Golden Prague.'" He has augmented this with a cantata called *Build Up Your Country, Strengthen Peace 1950*. It all seems as tiresome as Khrushchev's shoe-flapping at the UN.

Hearing a Sonata for Violin and Piano by Jaromir Podesva is an arresting experience, for the composer was born in 1927 and the work was first performed in 1958. Not knowing the source, one might easily presume it to be the work of a composer of the late 19th century. It seems to have little relationship with our time and is shocking in its retrogressive innocence. Podesva, like Dobias, is deeply involved with the Union of Cechoslovak Composers and is secretary of the vocal music division. One may regard his work as an officially approved example of Neo-Red-Czech romanticism. Coupled with it is another Sonata for Violin and Piano, composed in 1956 by an older composer, Pavel Borkovec. It is perhaps more skilfully written, but equally uninteresting.

A forty-minute symphony by Svatopluk Havelka, another of the younger composers, is a dutiful facsimile of Shostakovich. There are parts that seem highly musical and effective, but quickly it becomes an example of the same obvious, bumptious, folksy, Soviet-style people's music and ceases to hold interest. It is an insistent work that finally becomes downright irritating. "Life after the liberation," writes Havelka, "moulded and formed us in a way many might envy. . . . " I'm afraid this Symphony will elicit little envy from his American colleagues.

The eleventh in this Supraphon series couples Martinu with a somewhat younger composer, Miloslav Kabelac, whose *Mystery of Time* attempts to deal with "endless space, distant regions beyond the reach of the hustle that surrounds man, and [to] achieve finally the solemn calm of their imperturbability." The work begins and ends quietly, building to a noisily gaudy climax at midpoint. It is the kind of piece that conductors might relish as a means of showing off their virtuosity. While unsophisticated by our standards, it is a consistently musical work in a broad, full-bodied manner.

The inclusion of Martinu on a series so studded with propagandistic reference seems a trifle spurious, though his *Parables* stand out among these Czech works as a relief and delight. They are typical Martinu. They are conventional, to be sure, but by preference rather than decree. Inspired not by Biblical parables, but by writings of Antoine Saint-Exupéry and Georges Neveux, they are more subjective than their companions. Martinu's music here seems to sing as much of America's prairies as it does of any Bohemian fields and meadows. Although it was performed by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1959, it has been curiously neglected by other conductors. Martinu's *Parables* seems to me by far the finest of the lot and should certainly be included in our concert programs.

Regrettably, the synoptic adjective for most of the other works of recent Czech composers recorded in this series of Supraphon discs is *boring*.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk Music

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
The Phoenix Singers in Concert. "Music Train," "Oh Waly, Waly," "Joe Magaroc," "There Was a Time," "Lead Man Digger," "By and By," "Hobo's Lullaby," "Goodnight Irene," three others. Warner Bros. W 1522 ($3.98) or WS 1522 (Stereo) ($4.98).	The Phoenix Singers have accomplished a minor miracle by being a folk trio which does not sound exactly like thirty-seven other folk trios. In fact, it does not sound like any other folk trio at all. Roy Thompson, Ned Wright, and Arthur Williams have ringing, virile, powerful voices (all have had musical comedy experience, and they are alumni of the much-acclaimed Belafonte Singers), and together they have forged a most distinctive ensemble. Elements of gospel, spiritual, and ballad styles are skilfully merged in their singing, which has vigor, musicality, and enormous potency. If there's any justice at all in the musical world, the Phoenix Singers should rise to the top without delay.
Such Interesting People: Steve Addiss and Bill Crofut. "The Whale," "Goin' Home," "Missile Song," "12 Days with Khrushchev," "Willow Weep for Me," eight others. Verve V-8519, ($4.98) V-68519 (Stereo) ($5.98).	If the promise of the first song were fulfilled, this would be an album to cherish; as it is, Steve Addiss and Bill Crofut do not again achieve the blend of warmth, charm, and good taste that makes their version of a Scots lullaby, "Coulter's Candy," sheer delight. Several parody ballads are mildly amusing in a collegiate way, but in general the sparkle of the balladeers' earlier live-concert album for Folkways is dampened by indifferent arrangements and a disappointing choice of material.
Songs of the Auvergne, Vol. 2: Netania Davrath, with Orchestra/Pierre de la Roche. "Pastorale," "Pour L'Enfant," "L'Antouèno," "Là Haut, sur le Rocher," ten others. Vanguard VRS 9120, ($4.98) or VSD 2132 (Stereo) ($5.95).	Joseph Canteloube's superb settings of folk material from the mountains of his native Auvergne have been justly popular since Madeleine Grey introduced them in the 1920s. Only recently, though (on this and Vanguard's companion disc, *Songs of the Auvergne,* Vol. 1), has the complete set found its way to records, and so it is all the more welcome for being long overdo. As usual, Miss Davrath sings exquisitely—perhaps at times a bit too exquisitely for these essentially rustic tunes—while the songs themselves are fresh and greatly appealing.
Best Loved German Folk Songs: Arne Dorumsgaard, Irene Joachim, and Duncan Robertson, with Orchestra, Robert Cornman conducting. "Muss I'Denn," "Schwesterlein," "In Stiller Nacht," seventeen others. Monitor MF 398 ($4.98) or MFS 398 (Stereo) ($4.98).	Arne Dorumsgaard's concert transcriptions of folk tunes are akin to Canteloube's in their grace and stylistic accuracy; not surprisingly then, this assortment of familiar German songs is similarly gracious. The excellent soloists—Irene Joachim, Duncan Robertson, and Mr. Dorumsgaard himself—are concert-trained artists, but if the music sounds at times like a lieder recital ,a most delectable lieder recital it is. German lyrics (but no English translations) are provided.
Wednesday's Child is Full of Woe: Jody Miller. "All My Trials," "Lonely Am I," "Midnight Special," "Butterfly," "The Hangman," seven others. Capital T 1913 ($3.98) or ST 1913 (Stereo) ($4.98).	Jody Miller's debut album is ostensibly devoted to songs of grief, melancholy, blighted affection, and other suitably woeful topics, but she infuses them with such vibrancy that one is hardly conscious of her self-imposed repertoire limitation. Singing with an intense, sometimes piercing, bluesy quality, Miss Miller acquits herself nobly in a variety of styles, even managing to breathe life into such maudlin pseudo-folk stuff as "Last Night a Little Girl Grew Up" and "Another Love."
The San Francisco Bay Blues and the Rest of our Best: The Halifax Three. "East Virginia," "Sing Hallelujah," "Ruben Had a Train," "Little Sparrow," eight others. Epic LN 24060 ($3.98) or BN 26060 (Stereo) ($4.98).	As if to prove that the USA has no copyright on folksinging groups, two new Canadian threesomes and a British quartet have joined the ever-swelling ranks of would-be Kingston Trios. Of the two visitors from up North, the Halifax Three is the more consistently pleasing. Their singing is rather low-keyed, without the dynamism to make the most of the more robust numbers here, but the lads need defer to none of their American colleagues in terms of tasteful musicianship. They are especially effective in such lyrical, melancholy-tinged ballads as "San Miguel," "The Great Silky," and a lovely original song by Halifaxer Richard Byrne, "He Call Me Boy".
This Land is Your Land: The Raftsmen. "Po' Boy," "Red River Valley," "Down in the Valley," seven others. Camden CAL 757, ($1.98) or S-757 (Stereo) ($2.98).	More uneven is the musical cargo of the Raftsmen, modestly billed here as "The Leading Canadian Folk Trio!" (exclamation point and all). A few of their songs emerge with warmth and a fresh, lilting sound ("Shenandoah," for instance, is beautifully done), but other numbers are weakened by vocal mannerisms, and some are battered beyond recall by inane arrangements.
England's Great Folk Group: The Galliards. "New York Girls," "Wild Colonial Boy," "Barnyards o' Delgaty," "Hinei Ma Tov," "Derriere Chez Nous," "Linstead Market," eight others. Monitor MF 407 ($4.98) or MFS 407 (Stereo) ($4.98).	Finally from England come the Galliards, consisting of Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor (whose earlier duet album for Monitor was a joy) along with Shirley Bland and Leon Rosselson. Research reveals that "Galliard" is an old Celtic word meaning gay in spirit, and certainly that is an apt description of the quartet's manner. It's bright and cheerful, and although the diction is not always too clear, the singing has the sort of spontaneous lilt that we have come to associate with another group of British ancestry: the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. In addition to the Irish, Scots, and English tunes that form the bulk of their debut disc, the Galliards prove their versatility with convincing version of an Israeli dance, a French children's tune, and a Jamaican market song.
Come All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies: Pernell Roberts. "Bold Soldier," "Sylvie," "Lily of the West," "The Water is Wide," "Shady Grove," "Empty Pocket Blues," six others. RCA Victor LPM 2662 ($3.98) or LSP 2662 (Stereo) ($4.98).	It is hardly an uncommon phenomenon these days for a TV star to turn into a pop singing idol (since musicianship, vocal technique, and other such attributes are not prerequisite for the job), but it is most unusual to find a TV thespian with a genuine flair for balladry. The gentleman is Pernell Roberts, one of the top bonanzas of video fame, and although there is a touch of the crooner in him, he tackles a serious folk program with verve and genuine warmth. The steady bass beat of the otherwise appropriate instrumental accompaniments and the totally unnecessary presence of a chorus in many of the numbers no doubt attest to some executive's lack of faith in Roberts's ability to stand on his own balladic feet. On the evidence here, he needn't have worried.
Sing Out! Hootenanny: Pete Seeger and other performers. "All I Want is Union," "Gray Goose," "We Shall Overcome," "Pie in the Sky," "Jefferson and Liberty," ten others. Folkways FN 2513, $5.95.	A collage of discs originally recorded during the years 1950-55, this album serves well to recall the spirit and flavor of folk concerts in days not so long gone by. The rabid sentiments of such topical ballads as "I've Got a Right," "Put My Name Down," and even "The Talking Un-American Blues" may have mellowed somewhat with time, but they stand as interesting mementos of an earlier decade—and in more than a few instances seem disturbingly appropriate to our own day and age. Seven of the songs were recorded by Pete Seeger, the rest by various soloists (including Betty Sanders, I think) who for undisclosed reasons have not been identified on the disc.
Hootenanny: Marais and Miranda, David Hill, Terry Gilkyson and the South Coasters, other performers. "I Never Will Marry," "Rum By Gum," "Kisses Sweeter than Wine," "Muleskinner Blues," eight others. Kapp KL 1330 ($3.98).	In marked contrast to the home-brew aura of the Folkways album are two other sampler-type discs bearing the title *Hootenanny*; both are very much representative of the modern folk manner, with showmanship in the driver's seat and sophistication tugging at the reins. The Kapp assortment, for instance, offers numbers by such suave purveyors of pop balladry as the Chad Mitchell Trio, Betty and the Duke, the Samplers, and the South Coasters. Veterans Marais and Miranda are here also with a colorful brace of pseudo-African tunes, and the musical menu is filled out with engaging solos by Jo March and David Hill. Needless to say, there's little here to please the purist, but more casual folk fans should find the album quite diverting. —Robert Sherman

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The Brahms of Francescatti and Heifetz

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D major, Op. 77. Zino Francescatti, violinist; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor.* Columbia ML 5871, $4.98; stereo MS 6471, $5.98.

THE SAME: *Jascha Heifetz, violinist; Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, conductor.* RCA LM 1903, $4.98; stereo LSC 1903, $5.98 (also on stereo tape FTC 2151, $8.95).

THE new recording of the Brahms Concerto with Zino Francescatti and the New York Philharmonic under Bernstein provides an opportunity for comparison with the 1955 Heifetz-Reiner-Chicago version, which has been reissued. At first, these two performances seem to invite a discussion of a "French" versus a "Russian" concept of Brahms's "German" music. But this is not quite the case. Heifetz, with his austerely objective style and his avoidance of all sentimentality, is the most un-Russian of the Auer disciples. Francescatti, once a symbol of traditional French elegance, has added weight and substance to his style. As for Brahms, his Violin Concerto is spiced with a dash of Hungarian flavor—perhaps in deference to Joachim's national origin. The interpretations of Heifetz and Francescatti are best evaluated without any regard to "national" aspects, but merely as highly individual concepts by two of today's most accomplished violinists. No less important are the collaborating conductors and orchestras, for the Brahms Concerto is conceived symphonically, with soloist and orchestra as equal partners.

The concept of Francescatti and Bernstein is suave and vibrant, ingratiating rather than imposing. The vigor is restrained, the angularity is smoothed out, the tone remains silken at all times. Within the leisurely tempo, Francescatti permits himself certain liberties. In the first movement, the passages leading to the main theme are played with much rubato, and the closing section (following the cadenza) seems excessively slow. In the Adagio, the impassioned middle part in F-sharp minor was meant to be slower (*piu largamente*) than the opening theme; Francescatti not only plays it faster but accelerates at the climax. The return to the first tempo, prepared by the oboe, sounds rushed when assumed by the solo violin. Harold Gomberg, the first oboist of the New York Philharmonic, deserves praise for his poetic playing of the introduction to the Adagio, although Bernstein's search for expressivity tends to pull the melodic line somewhat out of shape. In the Finale, there is a curious lack of coordination between soloist and orchestra in the phrasing of the gypsy-like theme; Francescatti plays it with nervous energy and sharply etched rhythm while the orchestral response is metronomically correct but sluggish. The angular second theme is ascending octaves—not one of Brahms's great inspirations—would have gained by a more accentuated delineation of the solo part. Technically, Francescatti's playing is impeccable, aside from a momentary nervousness in the passages leading to the center section (in G major) of the Finale. His choice of the classical cadenza by Joachim deserves praise; it remains the most authentic companion to the concerto itself. Francescatti plays the cadenza with just the right degree of virtuosity and restraint. His tone quality is glowing and consistently beautiful, even in the most complex double stops. Occasionally, his vibrato becomes overly intense, almost throbbing. On the whole, Francescatti's interpretation is mature, thoughtful, and sincere, yet even his consummate skill cannot fully conceal the impression that he lacks a certain temperamental affinity to this particular concerto.

The version of Heifetz and Reiner presents Brahms in a different light. The sound is leaner, the tempi are livelier, and the big line is sustained without involvement in interpretive minutiae. This large-scaled concept emerges particularly in the first movement, where the basic pulsation of the Allegro is mainatined consistently. Heifetz gives a truly memorable performance. To speak of his technical mastery is redundant: yet, in a concerto that was once described facetiously as composed "not *for* but *against* the violin," the effortlessness of Heifetz's delivery is breath-taking. He plays with an imperious, almost reckless disregard for technical difficulty, though without stressing virtuosity at the expense of musicianship. His tempi tend to be fast but they are beautifully balanced, especially within the varying moods of the first movement. The Adagio begins with suitable restraint and builds toward an impassioned climax. Surprising are a few touches of almost gypsy-like expressivity. Heifetz, like Francescatti, chooses to disregard the *piu largamente* of the middle section, but he handles the return to the first tempo with imperceptible smoothness. The tone of Heifetz is unique. His vibrato is focused so perfectly that one is barely aware of its intensity. For the sake of tonal contrast, he uses at times a natural harmonic; its inanimate "white" sound stands out like a beauty spot amidst his normally vibrated tones. If anything at all is lacking in Heifetz's concept of the Adagio (as well as in that of Francescatti), it is a certain tranquility and repose, that bittersweet inwardness that is the hallmark of Brahmsian romanticism. As for the Finale, Heifetz plays it in true "Hungarian" style, with irresistible drive and élan. The tempo is sustained until the last chord. In the coda, Heifetz's command of *spiccato* bowing in double stops is stunning. It is strange that, with his ear for precision, he permits himself an alteration of the basic triplet pattern just before the end (last nine measures); by playing the first note of the triplet figure as a straight eighth, a sophisticated interplay between solo violin and timpani becomes obscured. Francescatti, incidentally, does the same, only more emphatically, for he adds an unwarranted ritardando where Brahms intended a "composed" retard by the device of lengthened note values.

Heifetz plays his own cadenza, which is a marvel of violinistic intricacy. It also has a degree of musical sophistication: Brahms's themes are fully utilized, rearranged, and reharmonized; at the conclusion, two thematic strands are combined. Yet a kaleidoscope of themes does not necessarily make a good cadenza, and despite all ingeniousness, the Heifetz cadenza does not seem to fuse into a satisfying musical entity. If, however, one considers the basic purpose of any cadenza—namely, to give the performer an opportunity to express himself musically—then the cadenza of Heifetz fulfils its aim: it reflects his scintillating technique and his inquisitive musical mind.

—BORIS SCHWARZ.

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The Last Recordings of Bruno Walter

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

WHEN Bruno Walter died on February 17, 1962, he left behind a generous recorded legacy. Active past his eighty-fifth birthday, he had continued to refine a repertory associated with him for over sixty years. That repertory never grew very strikingly in size—the adventurous conductor who had introduced Shostakovich's First Symphony to Berlin in the 1920s became increasingly conservative as he matured. But Walter's repertory grew immeasurably in depth, because his artistic impulses never aged.

There is freshness even in the most familiar works recorded during his last three years. And the items that duplicate previous recorded performances testify to a mind never content to call a problem definitively solved. Walter belonged to a school rare in his day and all but extinct in ours. The superficial and glossy were as foreign to him as were choreographic and/or histrionic podium techniques.

Listening to the ten "new" recordings just released by Columbia, one is struck by many of the qualities almost taken for granted when he was alive. One is even more surprised to find missing certain traits that are practically a matter of course in "modern" performances. Sonority, for instance, never became an end in itself for Walter. Some may attribute the occasionally dull sound on these recordings to the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (a fine pick-up ensemble, but a pick-up ensemble nevertheless), or to faulty reproduction. But this writer is convinced that the Walter performances were intentionally muted. The conductor was obviously less interested in high-fidelity sound than in sound fidelity—to the composer. Brilliance for its own sake was of no more value than surface beauty, if the essential spirit was wrong.

Perfection, in a technical sense, then, is missing from most of the Bruno Walter discography, but not missed. So are exaggerations in tempo and dynamics, showy tricks of any kind, nervously energetic finales, and fussy details that obscure broader architectural lines. If one had to select three words to describe the Walter creed, they might be warmth, honesty, and logic. Walter was essentially a romantic; he was not afraid of slowing down for a particularly tender effect or expanding a line when the underlying emotion warranted it. Similarly, he was not averse to conveying excitement through an *accelerando* where none was indicated in the score, but undue haste was as foreign to him as mawkish sentimentality. All interpretative gestures came from the music. Within this framework, there could be no room for ego stimulation.

Like most of his contemporaries, Walter took a rather *gemütlich* view of musicological problems. If the basic stylistic spirit made sense to him, such matters as formal repeats, authentic ornamentation, and rhythmic alteration were of relatively little importance. But, somehow, his sense of balance and his good taste always made even the most questionable procedures seem convincing. And, with Bruno Walter, questionable procedures were rare occurrences.

BRAHMS: *Alto Rhapsody*, Op. 53; *Song of Destiny*, Op. 54. With Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano, and the Occidental College Concert Choir. ML 5888, stereo MS 6488. Recorded January, 1961. (Coupled with the previously released MAHLER: *Songs of a Wayfarer*, recorded in June, 1960.)

Walter was not always lucky (or prudent) in his choice of vocal soloists. His final production at the Metropolitan, for instance, was a *Magic Flute* with a mediocre, all-American ensemble. But the conductor had an extraordinary way of inspiring even the modestly talented or miscast. Here he almost makes the light, monochromatic mezzo of Mildred Miller persuasive in the *Alto Rhapsody*, even though she is neither a real alto nor really rhapsodic in delivery. As in the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, Miss Miller does all she can with intelligence and beautifully-poised tone to compensate for the absence of vocal weight not hers to give. Walter's equally sensitive leadership in the *Schiksalslied* is complemented by uncommonly expressive singing from the Occidental College Choir.

BEETHOVEN. *Leonore* Overture No. 2; *Coriolan* Overture. ML 5887, stereo MS 6487. Recorded, respectively, in July, 1960 and April, 1959. (Coupled with the previously released BRAHMS: *Academic Festival Overture*, and WAGNER: Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*. Recorded, respectively, in January, 1960 and December, 1959.)

Had Walter lived a few more months, his recorded legacy would have included *Fidelio*, which had been planned for the summer of 1962 (with Gre Brouwenstijn in the title role). In its place we have only a noble, yet remarkably tense, *Leonore* No. 2 to suggest how powerful and unique a Walter *Fidelio* might have been—recorded comparisons with Klemperer, Furtwängler, Toscanini, and Knappertsbusch notwithstanding. The restraint of Walter's *Coriolan* makes it a suitable companion piece, despite some less-than-cohesive playing from the Columbia Symphony.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5. Recorded January 27-30, 1958. SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8. Recorded, with the New York Philharmonic, March 3, 1958. ML 5906, stereo MS 6506.

Both of these familiar, surprisingly subtle, performances were available previously, though in different couplings. They represent the oldest performances in the current release, and the Schubert is the only item not enlisting the Columbia Symphony.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7, M2L 290, stereo M2S 690. Recorded in March, 1961. (Coupled with WAGNER: Prelude to *Lohengrin; Siegfried Idyll*, discussed below.)

Walter considered Bruckner one of the greatest composers of the 19th century and was reportedly unhappy that his opinion was not shared universally. As an interpreter, Walter responded most readily to Bruckner's lyricism and, at the same time, toned down the pompous moments, making them seem—as much as possible—natural climaxes of the dramatic structure. The spaciousness of the Adagio and the grandeur of the finale would make this one of Walter's most distinguished efforts by themselves. Treating Bruckner far more lightly than most of his colleagues did (and still do), Walter almost succeeded

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in disguising the composer's penchant for long-windedness.

HAYDN: Symphonies Nos. 88 and 100. ML 5886, stereo MS 6486. Both recorded in March, 1961.

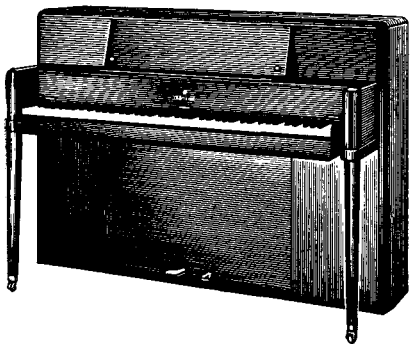
The *Paris* (No. 88) may be counted among Haydn's simplest symphonies, and Walter gave it a characteristically straightforward performance. He did bring out a remarkable amount of color in the finale, however, by stressing Haydn's subtle harmonic shifts. Judging by his recording of No. 100, Walter found the military—in symphonies, at least—more in need of finesse than fire. His focus of attention on supposedly secondary "voices" is also most enlightening.

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 36 & 39 (recorded in February, 1960); No. 40 (recorded in January, 1959); and No. 38 (recorded in December, 1959). M3L 291, stereo M3S 691. (Coupled with the previously released Symphony No. 41, recorded in January, 1960 and No. 35, recorded in January, 1959.)

It is appropriate that Walter's last recordings should include Mozart's last symphonies. Other conductors have stressed the backward-looking elements of these scores with more force than Walter did; he seemed to find in them a direct link to Beethoven and romanticism. In this respect one probably feels the influence of Walter's one-time mentor, Gustav Mahler, who had little sympathy for the touch-me-not approach. Walter touched on this attitude in his autobiography, *Theme and Variations*: ". . . Gradually I had begun to realize Mozart's strength and greatness behind his moderate forms, expressions, and means, and I sensed with all due reverence and modesty that I had gained access to his soul." Despite his appreciation of the muscular qualities in the late symphonies, Walter never overlooked the need for formalistic clarity and grace.

WAGNER: Prelude to *Lohengrin* and *Siegfried Idyll*. Recorded February 27, 1959. (Available with BRUCKNER as indicated above, or on ML 5907, stereo MS 6507, with the previously released WAGNER: Overture and *Venusberg* Music from *Tannhäuser*, recorded March, 1961.)

One of the most important lessons Walter learned in the opera house was that melody must always sing, no matter how instrumental the idiom. This, then, is lyrical, uncommonly transparent Wagner. The climaxes have added impact because of the calm that precedes them. If the *Siegfried Idyll* must be played in its expanded orchestral version, Walter's delicately grained reading is the one to treasure.



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THE OTHER SIDE

Britten Live, Furtwängler Recorded

ALTHOUGH the November 22 celebrations in honor of Britten's fiftieth birthday were tragically overshadowed by explosive happenings in far-off Texas (the momentous news, so shocking that few of us could at first bring ourselves to believe in its authenticity, broke just as the evening's audience was beginning to assemble at the Festival Hall), the concert performance of *Gloriana*, which the composer had requested, proved a rewarding experience. Ten years ago, when the opera was commissioned for Covent Garden's coronation season, Britten was still regarded by the Establishment as a controversial figure, the focus of a cult rather than an acknowledged master. The bejewelled and medal-laden society audience that attended the gala première gave *Gloriana* the worst possible send off. No doubt, as Britten wryly observed afterwards, they had expected to hear a cross between *Merrie England* and *Aïda*, and he had failed to deliver the goods.

Thanks to last month's able performance, directed by Bryan Fairfax in the composer's presence, we can now see *Gloriana* for the fine, imaginative score it is, and there can be little doubt that, if Covent Garden were to revive its sumptuous 1953 production in the not-too-distant future, the opera would enjoy the success that circumstances denied it a decade ago. Meanwhile, Britten's most celebrated contemporary, Dimitri Shostakovich, has been in London these past two weeks supervising the preparations for the British première of his opera *Katerina Ismailova*, which took place at Covent Garden on December 2.

Katerina Ismailova is the title Shostakovich has given to his revised version of an opera which, as *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*, became a musical *cause célèbre* during the Thirties when, after being widely hailed in Russia as a masterpiece, it was vilified and banished because that noted music critic, the late Josef Stalin, found it distasteful. Now, after some minor revisions, the opera is once more accepted in the Soviet Union, and Covent Garden was the first theatre in the West to stage the new version.

Sung in English—the translation was made by the conductor, Edward Downes—by an excellent cast drawn entirely from the resident company (the only outsiders involved were two Yugoslavs, producer Habunek and designer Rasica), *Katerina Ismailova* was received with considerable enthusiasm and its composer, whose praise for singers and orchestra had been unstinting, was rapturously acclaimed. Critical reactions have been unusually diverse, ranging from thinly veiled approval of Comrade Stalin's attitude to paeans of praise (one colleague thought it the most exciting arrival at Covent Garden since Berlioz's *Les Troyens* was first staged in 1957), but, while the score encompasses a fascinating diversity of moods and styles and its teeming inventiveness ensures that there is scarcely a dull moment, I cannot see the opera taking its place in the regular repertory.

This month the leading German record company, DGG, is sixty-five years old and, to mark the occasion, three "special offer" albums have been released. With two of these—the Karajan set of Beethoven symphonies and a Bach collection comprising Brandenburg concertos, orchestral suites, and the Musical Offering—the interest is purely economic, since the contents are quite familiar. The third, devoted to the art of Wilhelm Furtwängler, does, however, contain three performances not previously issued. These are of Bach's Suite No. 3, Mozart's Symphony No. 39, and the Beethoven Violin Concerto with Wolfgang Schneiderhan as soloist. Also to be found in this five-disc album are recordings of Haydn's No. 88, Schumann's Fourth, and the Ninth Symphonies of Schubert and Bruckner, all of them already in the catalogue, so that Furtwängler admirers who already possess these, yet wish to acquire the new material will have to duplicate six out of the ten sides—thus giving a rather hollow ring to DGG's price concession on these sets.

Owing to production arrears, the Decca group has virtually ignored December, the only new issue being a disc of scenes from Verdi's *Falstaff* featuring Corena in the title role, together with Ligabue (Alice), Resnik (Quickly), Alva (Fenton) and Marimpietri (Nanetta), supported by the Covent Garden Orchestra under Downes. Few operas are less suited to "highlights" treatment than this miraculous score, but, as far as it goes, this is a well-made disc that may whet some listeners' appetites for the forthcoming RCA recording starring Geraint Evans.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

A Pox on the Institute

I HAVE BEEN MAKING off-the-air recordings of the Metropolitan Opera Broadcasts and other items since 1941. After it became possible to make tape copies easily, I managed to build up a very impressive collection of these things by trading with other collectors who might have earlier items, better copies, or broadcasts I had missed.

Recordings of these broadcasts have no commercial value, but they are of historical importance. They are of especial interest to artists who are preparing roles, and I have supplied many a singer with material to listen to. The broadcast which is most wanted is the *Traviata* of January 5, 1935, with Ponselle, Jagel, and Tibbett. This recording is quite good considering when it was made. Here are some other available recordings that I consider important: *Otello* (February 12, 1938), Martinelli, Rethberg, Tibbett; *Siegfried* (January 30, 1937), Flagstad, Melchior, Thorborg, Schorr; *Tristan und Isolde* (January 2, 1937), Flagstad, Melchior, Thorborg; *Ballo in Maschera* (December 14, 1940), Bjoerling, Milanov; *Boris Godunov* (February 13, 1943), with Kipnis; *Carmen* (April 17, 1937), Ponselle.

But many of the earlier ones are missing. Among these are *Norma* (December 26, 1931), *Trovatore* (January 16, 1932), *Africaine* (March 19, 1932 and January 13, 1934), *Don Giovanni* (December 17, 1932 and January 20, 1934 and February 9, 1935), all with Ponselle. Even some later broadcasts are missing. For example, almost none of the 1939-40 season has been found, and that includes an *Aïda* with Gigli.

In reading "Sound on File," by R. C. Striker, in *SR*'s November 30 issue, I noticed that he operates quite differently from any other collector. He asks for contributions both of materials and money but does not offer to supply anything in return. You may "listen" to something that he has by paying a fee and coming to his studio at his convenience, but you may not have a copy even if you have something to trade. I certainly hope that nobody sends him anything of real importance.

ALFRED M. BROCK.

Atlanta, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Institute of Sound can hardly be likened to any ordinary "collector" since its purpose is to create a central repository, available to the public. Mr. Striker also makes note that its arrangements with donors and cooperating institutions (such as the Metropolitan Opera) expressly forbid copying.*

Traubel and Melchior

MR. STRIKER'S ARTICLE on the Institute of Sound was of great interest. The implication seemed to be that in the 450 Met broadcasts obtained by the Institute, all of the performers of the Forties and Fifties are included. This, then, would encompass from seven to ten Helen Traubel performances of *Tristan und Isolde*, plus two or three of each of her Brünnhildes in the *Ring* cycle, not to mention her Elisabeth and Elsa in the populer *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. In most of these Lauritz Melchior or Set Svanholm also appeared, as well as outstanding conductors like Busch, Reiner, and Stiedry. It would be reassuring to know that these performances are safely on tape and may someday find their way to records.

FREDERICK SEINFELT.

Indiana, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See comment above.*

No Humor in Schoenstein?

I HAVE NEVER MET Ralph Schoenstein but, oh, what a dour soul he must be. His review of *Bach's Greatest Hits* [*SR*, Nov. 30] makes Scrooge seem the essence of good humor and fun. I think the recording is, aside from being sonically excellent, a riot. In small doses.

D. C. BIRKBY.

Stamford, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Schoenstein prefers his Bach in large doses.*

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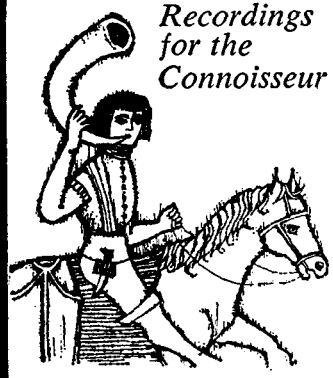

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Movies

Continued from page 29

that is leading to two years of virtual slavery as a shoeshine boy, Kazan brings new emotion to a worn-out symbol. As Stavros snaps his shoe-shine cloth and calls out, "Come on you! People waiting!" we know that he is beckoning to the others who will follow him, among them a still unborn boy who would be named Elia Kazanjoglou, and have his name changed in America. Kazan has obviously not ducked away from the personal implications of *America America,* nor has he implied that he came to a place that fulfills the hopes of all its new people. But he does seem to say that there is still a dream inherent in this country's nature, and that its potency is strong.

Kazan has mingled American, Greek, and Turkish actors and has also collected a group of marvelous faces to add to the sometimes thickly exotic atmosphere. Lou Antonio and Paul Mann stand out as Abdul and Aleko, respectively; Linda Marsh is fine as the fiancée of Stavros; Gregory Rosakis is eloquent as a young man who shares the same dream but fails to accomplish it. Some dubbing-in of the English voices of certain of the Greek, Turkish, and Armenian characters strains the reality of the sound track occasionally, but the annoyance is minor. The sound track also contains an excellent musical score by the Greek composer Manos Hadjidakis, and it has Mr. Kazan introducing his own film and telling why he made it, and at the end saluting the people who helped him. The note he adds is nice, simple, and warm.

—Hollis Alpert.

Aftertaste

By Augustus Napier

I SAT high in the sun
on the arbor the whole afternoon
and ate her big grapes
me and Arnold and afternoon
noon and after and long
toward supper grape after sweet
grape on the high table
where we were the first ones.

We were talking talking stringing
a word and a grape and shifting
around when her bright Buick
sliced in the driveway and fat
she got out and barked at us
broke the long necklace
sweetstrung on time snap
on the ground running for home.

There was hardly a grape left.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 44

and well-controlled artistry on their performances, with an identity of effort and idiom shared by the talented Alain Lombard, who conducted, and Robert Massard, whose opportunities as Herod include "Vision fugitive." Both were new, from France. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Serkin, Oborin—*Fledermaus*

THE amount of satisfaction to be derived from Rudolf Serkin's recent Carnegie Hall recital depended on how much technical perfection the listener could dispense with in return for pianistic excitement. Whenever the mood became agitated, so did Serkin. As a result, there was a generous portion of missed notes, a few blurred bravura passages, and some heavy-footed pedaling. And yet, none of this mattered much, partly because there was compensation in the lyrical moments, partly because the pianist's personal involvement was so contagious.

The program gained momentum as it progressed from a nervous reading of Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques* to an elegantly constructed one of Brahms's Handel Variations. Beethoven's *Les Adieux* and Opus 78 Sonatas were heard in between, but, for this listener, the high point of the evening came at its least grandiose moment—Beethoven's little Bagatelle, Op. 119, No. 3, which was an encore.

A pianist of comparable sensitivity—but one who steadfastly refuses to get excited—was revealed two nights later at Philharmonic Hall when Lev Oborin gave his first New York recital. His playing, never less than artistic, proved curiously lacking in temperament and profile. This did not matter much in Scriabin's restrained Sonata No. 10, but there was remarkably little crispness or bravado in Prokofieff's No. 7, where such qualities were needed most. Bach's second Partita (C-minor) and Chopin's Third Sonata (B-minor) completed the program.

Thanks to conductor Franz Allers, the Met's latest *Fledermaus* was a spirited, cohesive affair despite a reshuffled cast. Jean Fenn returned to the company as an attractive, tongue-in-cheek Rosalinda with a fine sense of comic timing. Like Morley Meredith and Andrea Velis, the new Falke and Blind, she had more to offer dramatically than vocally, but Allers helped all three to make the most of their strengths and the least of their weaknesses. A few more conductors with that kind of ability would be welcome these days at 39th Street and Broadway. —MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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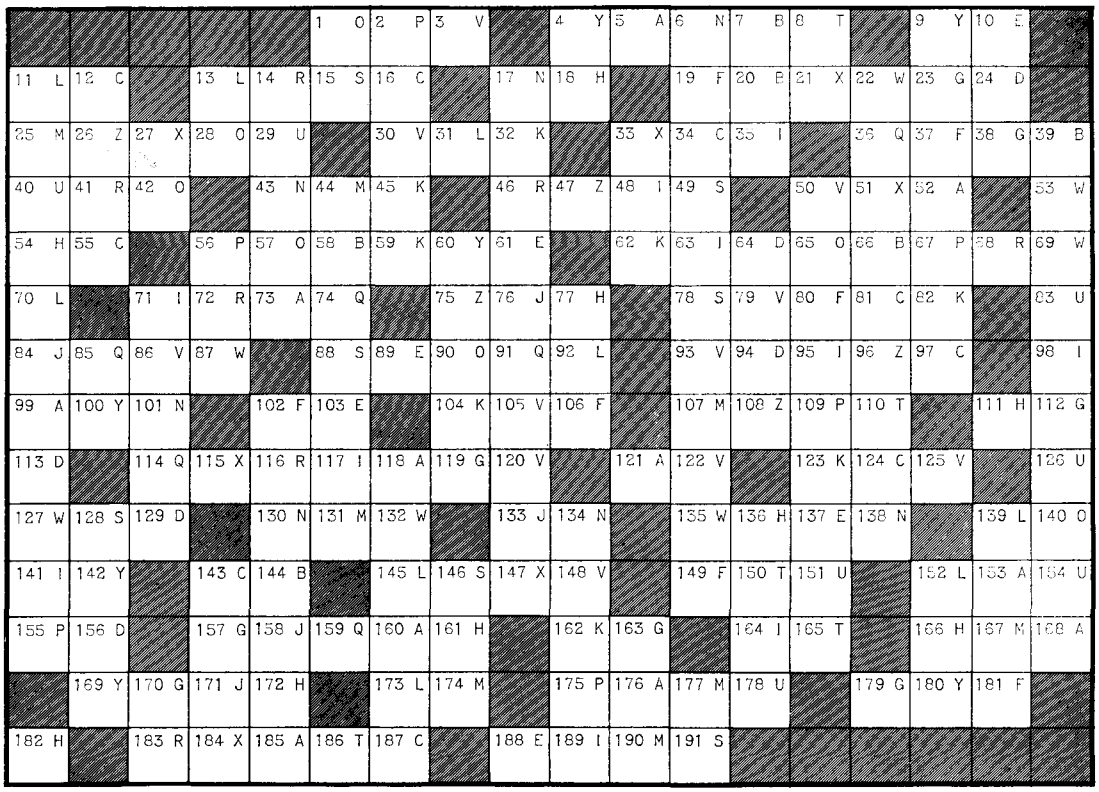
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Repeatedly (3 wds.).	99 153 160 185 5 73 52 121 118 168 176
B. Something which is learned or taught.	58 20 66 144 39 7
C. Where to find a twice-precious bird (3 wds.).	143 97 16 34 55 124 81 12 187
D. What Tennyson's brook bickered down.	64 94 129 24 113 156
E. Given name, fine Yankee catcher, outfielder, general player.	89 188 10 103 137 61
F. Arranged a form of lottery.	19 102 37 149 106 80 181
G. Low stockings or high socks (2 wds.).	112 179 23 38 157 170 163 119
H. When TV gives the correct hour (3 wds.).	182 172 111 54 18 166 136 161 77
I. Describing a bay or harbor almost enclosed, naturally; specifying certain salmon which do not descend to the sea.	117 164 63 48 71 189 141 95 35 98
J. Element in drama which Aristotle contrasted with *dianoia*.	158 133 76 84 171
K. Position assumed to serve a purpose.	104 45 82 162 123 62 59 32
L. Handsome oscine bird of Australia, which builds handsome playhouses during courtship.	139 173 13 152 92 145 11 31 70
M. Collateral descendant.	177 107 174 190 167 44 131 25
N. Strange, not ascertained.	6 101 138 130 134 17 43
O. Primitive vehicle used by Plains Indians in moving camp.	1 28 140 90 57 65 42
P. Exclamation of cheerful concurrence.	155 67 56 2 175 109
Q. Genus *Triadenum*, of which St.-John's-wort is most familiar.	91 159 85 74 36 114
R. Ancient customs collector who became one of the Twelve Apostles.	46 72 41 68 14 116 183
S. Expressing fastidious taste.	146 128 49 78 15 88 191
T. Famous Austrian conductor of Wagner (1856-1911).	110 150 165 8 186
U. Establishment where customary operations are seven: malting, mashing, boiling, cooling, fermentation, clarification, bottling.	83 151 154 126 29 40 178
V. Fetish of a certain religious cult recently televised.	79 30 93 148 105 3 120 122 50 86 125
W. By smallest chance; at any rate (2 wds.).	127 132 135 69 22 87 53
X. Mountain defiles (U.S. usage).	51 184 33 21 115 27 147
Y. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* of eastern North America.	169 4 60 100 9 180 142
Z. One "Mother" of us all.	96 47 108 75 26

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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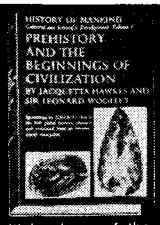

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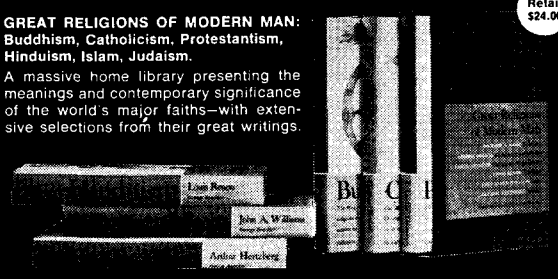

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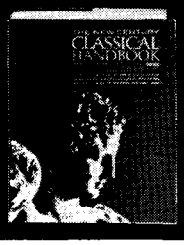

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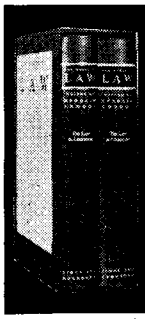

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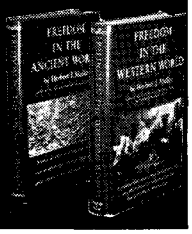

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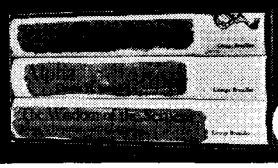

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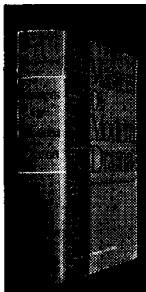

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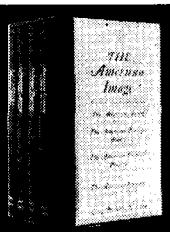

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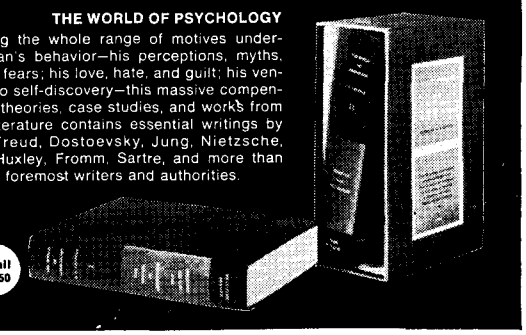

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